


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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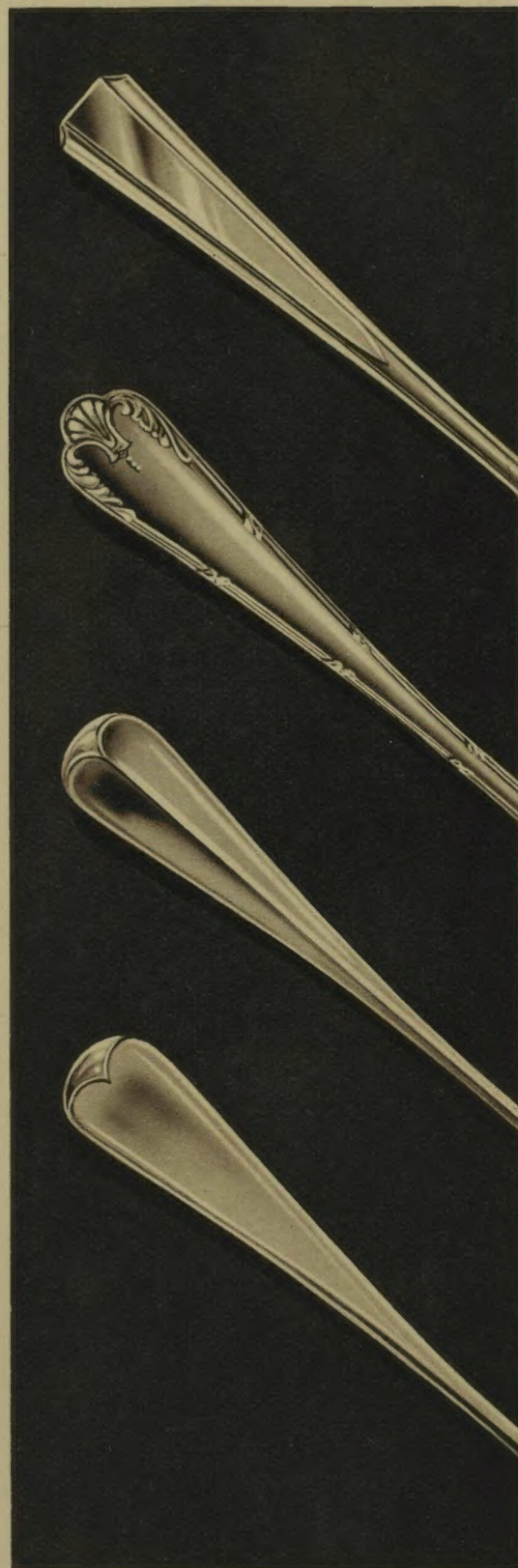
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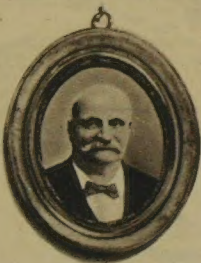
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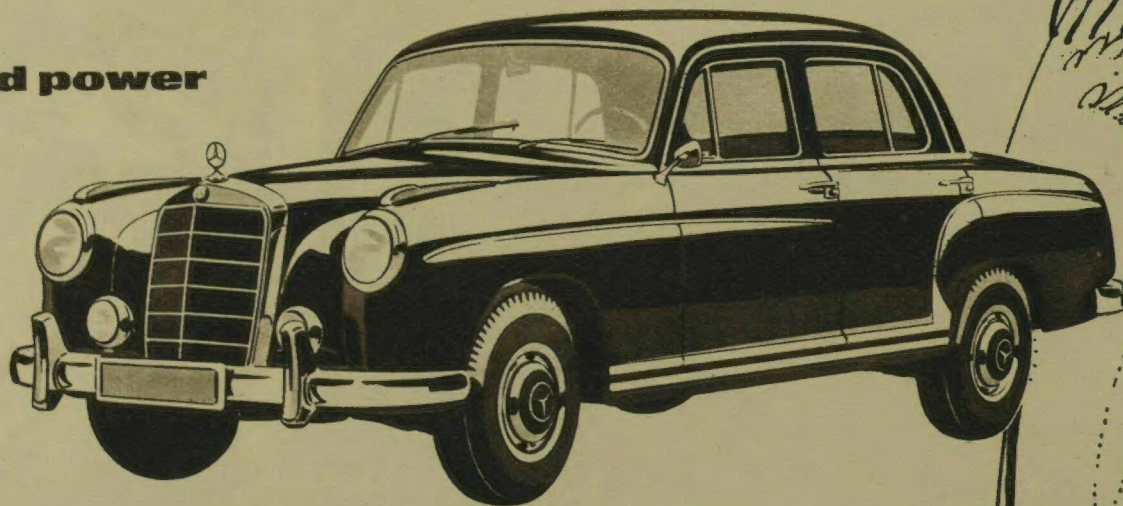
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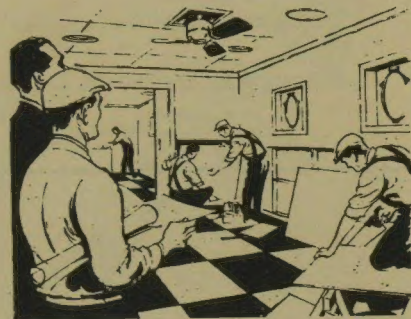
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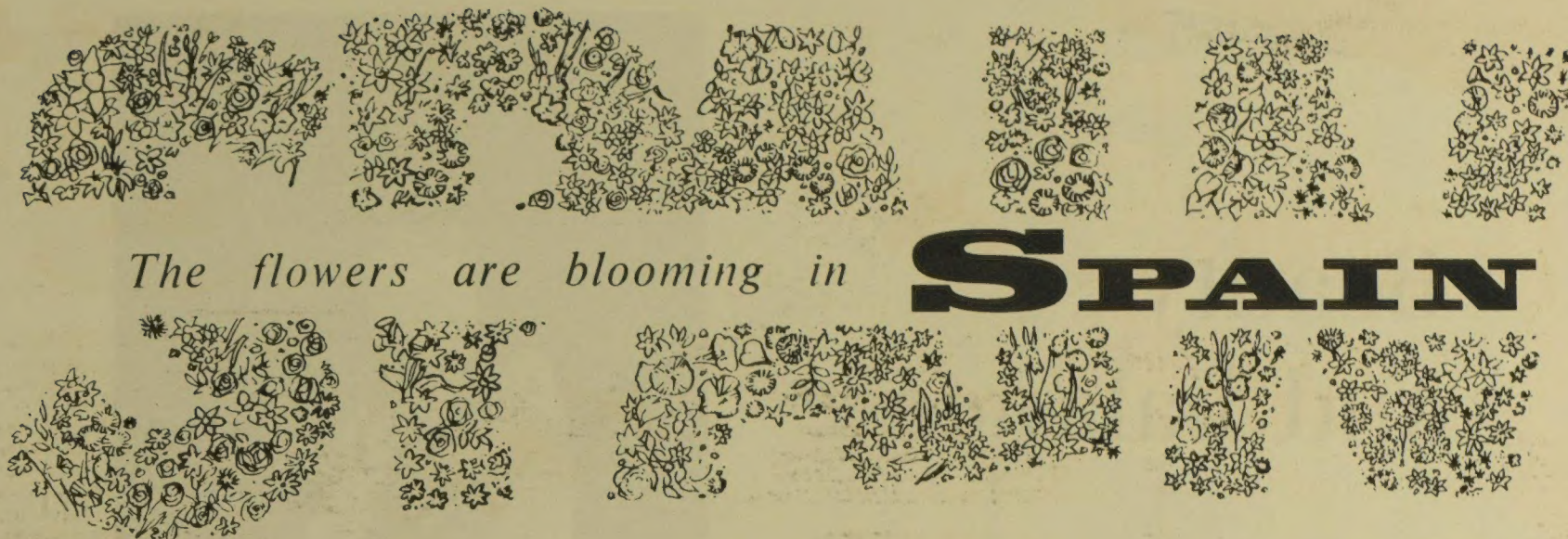
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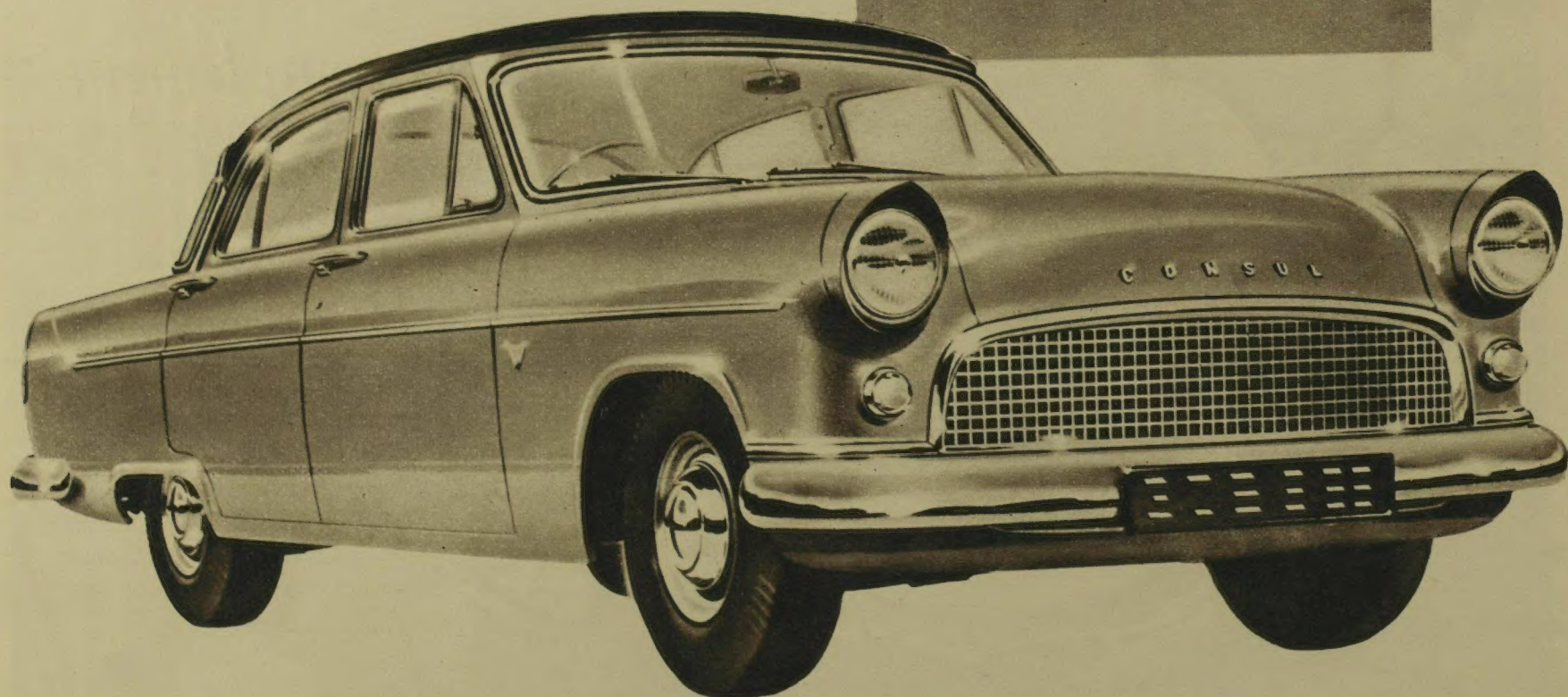
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Shell guide to LIFE ON THE MOOR



Painted by John Leigh Pemberton

The moor is a damp and acid wilderness. HEATHER or LING (1) is one of its dominant plants, with CROSS-LEAVED HEATHER (2) rooting into the peaty soil, and CROWBERRY (3) crawling around tenaciously. Particular plants include not only the pretty BOG ASPHODEL (4), but two which derive some of their nourishment from flies trapped in their leaves. Round-leaved SUNDEW (5) secretes sticky dew-like drops which glitter in the sun at the end of sensitive "feelers" or tentacles on each leaf. BUTTERWORT (6), with flowers blue as sapphire, curls its sticky leaf edges over the insect. The stickiness catches the insects and the tentacles curl on to them, holding them while they are digested.

The sad crying of the CURLEW (7) is the typical voice of the moor. GROUSE (8) are at home in the heather and crowberry. RING OUZELS (cock 9a; hen 9b) like rocky outcrops above the wind-cropped vegetation. Insect-eating plants are not the only creatures of prey. The moor is a home for FOX (10) and MERLIN (cock 11a; hen 11b). WILD CATS (12) survive in a few Scottish moorland areas. Two specialized insects of northern moorlands are the NORTHERN EGGAR MOTH (13) whose larvae feed on heather; and the LARGE HEATHER BUTTERFLY (male 14a; female 14b), here shown in northern sub-species (*scotica*).

NOTE: All the items shown in this picture would not, of course, be found in one place at one time.



The "Shell Guide to Trees" is now published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd. at 7s. 6d. The Shell Guide to "Flowers of the Countryside", "Birds and Beasts", and "Fossils, Insects and Reptiles" are also available at 7s. 6d. each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

You can be sure of  The Key to the Countryside

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1958.



THE FAIRY AND THE PRINCESS: H.R.H. PRINCESS ANNE, WITH HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET, MEETS DAME MARGOT FONTEYN AFTER A BRILLIANT GALA MATINEE AT THE COLISEUM.

Princess Anne witnessed her first ballet performance when she attended the gala matinée in aid of the Royal Academy of Dancing at the Coliseum on November 13. She accompanied H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. A numerous company of dancers, both British and Continental, took part in the performance, in which the Royal Ballet, the London Festival Ballet and the Ballet Rambert were all represented. The programme included a display by dancers from the Royal Academy of Dancing and four *pas de deux*. Dame Margot Fonteyn danced the water nymph duet

from "Ondine" with Mr. Michael Somes; Mlle. Yvette Chauviré and M. Yully Algaroff impressively performed a *grand pas classique*; Miss Kirsten Simone and Mr. Henning Kronstam, of the Royal Danish Ballet, appeared in a duet from "Romeo and Juliet," and Miss Lucette Aldous and Mr. Norman Morrie appeared in a scene from "Coppelia." Mme. Markova and Miss Mona Inglesby danced solos, and another notable solo performer was Antonio, who danced a thrilling *sapateado*. After the performance, Princess Anne met Dame Margot Fonteyn, who is President of the Royal Academy of Dancing.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT is odd how much one's outlook on life can depend on the accident of whether one is sitting in the seat of a car or dodging the car on one's feet in the roadway! And it is even more odd how little those who regulate our road traffic seem to concern themselves with that difference of attitude. For on that difference I believe more class bitterness and sense of social differentiation is being aroused to-day than by any other phenomenon of our time, even than by the differentiation of wages, though these two social irritants are to some extent linked. Though those who own cars are almost wholly unconscious of the fact, those who have to depend for getting about on their feet or on public transport do, I find, increasingly resent the racket, irritation and danger caused by the ever-growing number of private cars and, still more, by the growing pace, aggressiveness and lack of consideration for pedestrians shown by so many private drivers. Any one who doubts this should join a group of pedestrians waiting in rush-hour to cross any thoroughfare where there is no special facility for pedestrian crossing and where road traffic is free to move fast—the East Carriage Road of Hyde Park is a good example within easy reach of Westminster and Whitehall—and listen to the comments made. The reason for such comments is clear. The resentment felt and expressed is not only against the selfishness and disregard shown by drivers for the rights and safety of those less fortunate than themselves, but against the powers—that-be who appear to be so indifferent to the preservation at such times of law, order and justice on the Queen's highway. For before them is a spectacle of temporary anarchy: of every man thinking only of himself in a mad race to get to home, office, theatre or rendezvous before the next man and at the highest possible speed, and of an apparent neglect by Authority to regulate that chaotic traffic on any other basis but that of getting it to its destination at the quickest possible pace. For those who have to keep our congested thoroughfares cleared and moving there is plenty to explain, and even apparently to justify, this attitude of *laissez-faire*; yet I believe it, socially, to be intensely dangerous, as all failure to enforce justice and just order is. This phenomenon is a new one in English life and has grown up only in the last few years with the rapid increase of private motor transport and the greater speed and acceleration of private cars. In Paris it has existed much longer than in London; there, too, I believe, it constitutes a grave irritant of class and political feeling. Indeed, I have always felt that the selfishness of the motoring public in France before the war was a major factor in the social divisions that laid that noble country, with all its great traditions and splendid culture, at the mercy of her enemies in 1940. Nor is it wholly an exaggeration to say that thereafter Vichy ran on wheels and the France of the Resistance went on foot. In this country, too, I fear that the "every man for himself" attitude, that driving a car on congested

highways seems to evoke in otherwise kindly, conscientious and law-abiding citizens is creating a sense of division in the community—one which, but for the existence of that attitude, would be fast disappearing from our national life. And I have a shrewd suspicion that that sense will play a greater part in the next General Election than politicians realise.

The problem, however, all turns on an attitude of mind, or rather of two attitudes of mind—the attitude of the man on foot trying to negotiate our racetrack thoroughfares and the attitude of the motorist seeking to move along them to his destination at the highest possible speed compatible with his own safety and that of his vehicle. I understand both attitudes because, having driven and owned a car or motor-cycle for the past forty years, I am just as guilty at times of wearing the motorist's mental blinkers as anyone else, while,

All this, of course, is splendid from the motorist's point of view. But it is remarkable in that it never so much as mentions the pedestrian who has to cross the highroads, both in country and town, and who is apparently now to be crowded off the pavements. From the Ministry of Transport's angle it seems that the pedestrian scarcely exists except as a nuisance and impediment. Mr. Moss asked the Minister whether he could teach the motoring public "to use the full width of the road"; no matter, he said, how wide the road is, "many drivers will not drive two abreast so as to keep the traffic moving"—that is, *anglice*, do what makes it so difficult to cross Knightsbridge or the East Carriage Road in Hyde Park in rush-hour, when cars proceed at high speed in continuous line abreast like a charge of mechanical chariots. "That," the Minister replied, "is where I want help from people such as yourself. . . . We are

starting a campaign for better driving next summer. We want people to use the car as an instrument of precision rather than a blunt weapon." To suppose that Mr. Stirling Moss can by some mysterious alchemy of example educate the motoring community to drive like himself and by doing so solve our highway problem seems to me an example of "pie in the sky" even beyond the normal fantasies of conventional political speech and aspiration. By what means is this miracle to be achieved? and even if it can be, and our highways are to be peopled by a community of Stirling Mosses driving high-powered cars, would the pedestrian's lot become any easier?

But the Minister does not, it would seem, concern himself with the pedestrian's lot; it is not part of his business. "Then," Mr. Moss went on, "we turned to the delicate question of speed limits. I said I had the impression that the new forty m.p.h. restrictions had brought speeds down

in more places than they had gone up. The Minister assured me that this was not the case; the statistics showed that in a third of the cases speeds had been reduced; in the remaining two-thirds the maximum speed had risen. He added that his whole objective was to put speeds up: 'with modern cars and better brakes it would be crazy not to.' . . . On the Preston by-pass he was having no speed limit at all, either maximum or minimum." "This," Mr. Moss commented, "I thought a very courageous decision. Clearly it seemed to me, the Minister is out to help the motorist, and it is up to us to back him up as much as possible." Thinking as a motorist, I am, of course, wholly with Mr. Moss and the Minister. But when I think as a pedestrian my thoughts are rather different. And, as I stand by the roaring highway's side on my ageing stumps considering whether to make a bolt for it or not, I can't help wondering whether it is up to me to "back the Minister" or even to vote for him! A good many other people, with little chance of expressing their opinions, are, I fancy, wondering much the same thing.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: AN ILLUSTRATION AND QUOTATION FROM THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS OF NOVEMBER 20, 1858.



THE REOPENING OF THE GRESHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL AT HOLT, NORFOLK: THE REPORT OF AN EVENT WHICH HAPPENED A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

On November 20, 1858, *The Illustrated London News* carried a report of the reopening of the Gresham Grammar School, Holt, Norfolk. We said: "A large party of the gentry and clergy of the district assembled at Holt on Wednesday week, on the invitation of the Prime Warden and a deputation of the Fishmongers' Company of London, to celebrate the reopening of the Gresham Grammar School in that town, founded in 1544 by Sir John Gresham, and of which the Company are trustees. The new building is built with red and black bricks, in the style of the period of the original building, and, when viewed apart from the ancient edifice to which it is attached, has a very ornamental appearance." After a church service, the 100 guests invited to the reopening "proceeded to the schoolroom, where an elegant cold collation awaited them." (In our issue of November 20, 1954, we reproduced a group of drawings of Gresham's School, Holt, by the late Bryan de Grineau, showing the school, the Headmaster's House, and other aspects of Gresham's as they were in 1954.)

living and working mainly in London yet seldom bringing my car there, I make most of my journeys in the metropolis on foot. The complete contrast between these two attitudes was brought home to me very forcibly by a recent article in our leading Sunday newspaper, reporting an interview given by the Minister of Transport to Mr. Stirling Moss, the racing motorist. Mr. Moss began by asking the Minister what was his general aim. The Minister wanted, he replied, "to provide a skeleton of new trunk roads and motorways as an initial framework for a new road system in the country." This, Mr. Moss observed, was "fine, but what was to happen at the end of the trunk roads? It would be no use driving at sixty m.p.h. along the motorway only to be held up by an infuriating bottleneck at the entrance to each town."

"The Minister said that Birmingham and Manchester have inner ring road schemes and London its Hyde Park scheme. . . . I asked him what he was doing to get traffic moving, which seemed to be one of our biggest problems. . . . He said they were trying every possible experiment to improve traffic flow. . . . He was also, he said, trying to widen carriageways by reducing pavement-widths." *

FROM BRITANNIA TO A NEW PORTRAIT BUST: A MISCELLANY OF ROYAL NEWS.



UNDERGOING A REFIT IN PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD: THE ROYAL YACHT *BRITANNIA*, WHICH IS HAVING HER MASTS HINGED IN PREPARATION FOR THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO CANADA. In order that *Britannia* can sail under the bridges of the St. Lawrence River when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are in Canada for the opening of the Seaway next summer, her masts are being hinged. *Britannia* is seen here in dry-dock in Portsmouth Dockyard, where she is undergoing her fifth refit since she was built four years ago.



DURING HIS VISIT TO THE ROYAL GREENWICH OBSERVATORY, HERSTMONCEUX CASTLE, SUSSEX: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (LEFT), ACCOMPANIED BY THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL, DR. R. VAN DER RIET WOOLLEY. On November 14 the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Royal Greenwich Observatory, Herstmonceux Castle, and toured the recently completed buildings. In the chronometer workshop the Duke's pocket watch was tested for accuracy, and found to be losing only a very few seconds in twenty-four hours.

(Right.) WATCHED BY PRINCESS MARGARET: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE HOUSE OF DIOR AUTUMN AND WINTER HAUTE COUTURE SHOW IN THE STATE ROOMS AT BLENHEIM PALACE. Presented in aid of the International Red Cross and arranged by the Duchess of Marlborough, the showing of the collection of 136 dresses and 26 furs designed by M. Yves St. Laurent, successor of the late Christian Dior, attracted a distinguished audience of 1650 to Blenheim Palace on November 12. The dresses were shown by sixteen models from the House of Dior.



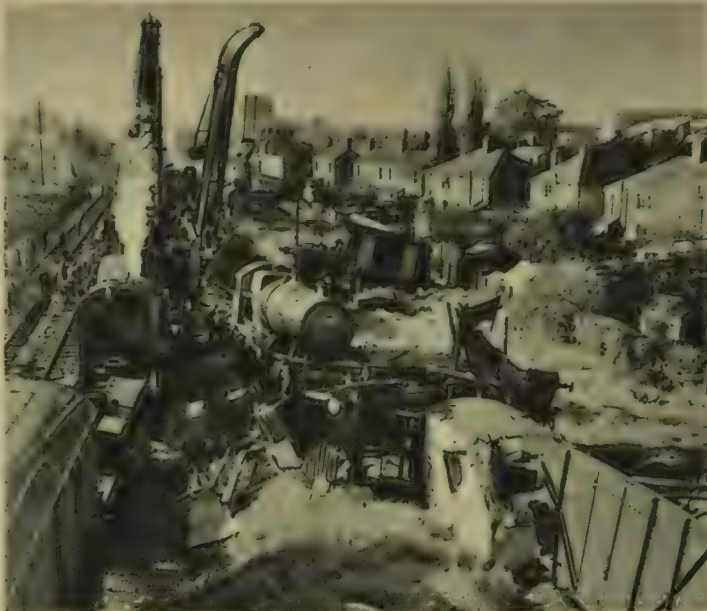
(Left.) AFTER SEEING HER FIRST BALLET PERFORMANCE: PRINCESS ANNE, WITH PRINCESS MARGARET, MEETING MADAME ALICIA MARKOVA.

As reported on the front page of this issue, Princess Anne—in the company of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret—was present at the grand gala matinée in aid of the Royal Academy of Dancing at the London Coliseum on Nov. 13. Among those Princess Anne met after watching the exciting performance, which was given by a large company of dancers, was Mme. Alicia Markova, who had danced a charming solo.



ON VIEW AT THE SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT SCULPTORS' SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION: A PORTRAIT BUST OF THE QUEEN BY MR. CECIL THOMAS, O.B.E. The sixth annual Exhibition of the Society of Portrait Sculptors continues at the R.W.S. Galleries, 26, Conduit Street, until December 4. This study for a marble bust of the Queen is being shown for the first time. Mr. Thomas has made several portraits of her Majesty for coins and medals.

SPACE, AIR, LAND AND SEA NEWS: RECENT EVENTS RECORDED BY THE ROVING CAMERA AT HOME AND ABROAD.



NEAR SWINDON: THE SCENE AFTER THREE FREIGHT TRAINS HAD COLLIDED ON NOVEMBER 12. THE ACCIDENT TOOK PLACE IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING, AND THERE WERE NO SERIOUS CASUALTIES AND NO MAJOR DELAYS WERE CAUSED.



ABOUT TO TAKE A SWIM UNDER THE ARCTIC ICE: TWO U.S. NAVY DIVERS WHO WERE TESTING NEW SCUBA (SELF-CONTAINED UNDERWATER BREATHING APPARATUS) EQUIPMENT RECENTLY.

(Above.)
A TAPE RECORDER FROM THE SKIES: A "DATA CAPSULE" BEING OPENED IN CALIFORNIA FOLLOWING A THOR MISSILE FLIGHT RECENTLY.

Inside the "data capsule" illustrated above, which was recovered following a flight of a Thor missile, is a small tape recorder, protected from shock by foam plastic. It is designed to provide information about conditions during the missile's re-entry into the atmosphere.

(Right.)
PASSENGERS AT LONDON AIRPORT GOING ABOARD THE COMET 4 WHICH OPENED THE DAILY COMET SERVICE FROM LONDON TO NEW YORK.

On November 14 the first Comet 4 to fly westwards on the daily transatlantic Comet service left London for New York. Shortly before its take-off, a Comet 4 arrived at the Airport from New York, having inaugurated the first daily jet-airliner service between the two cities.

(Below.) THE FIRST POST-WAR VISIT OF A GERMAN SUBMARINE TO BRITAIN: THE HECHT AT GOSPORT, HANTS., PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A GERMAN SURFACE VESSEL.

One of the Federal German Navy's two submarines, the Hecht, accompanied by the German escort ship Ems, visited Gosport recently when a group of German submariners underwent a training course at H.M.S. Dolphin. During the course the sailors went through escape drill in Gosport's deep escape tank.



MEMBERS OF A GERMAN SUBMARINE CREW, UNDERGOING A COURSE AT GOSPORT, WATCH A R.N. INSTRUCTOR DEMONSTRATING ESCAPE DRILL.

REMEMBRANCE AND OTHER PARADES: A MISCELLANY OF MILITARY NEWS.



ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE ON NOVEMBER 16: THE STANDARDS LOWERED DURING THE ANNUAL JEWISH EX-SERVICEMEN'S REMEMBRANCE PARADE AND SERVICE. LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR BRIAN HORROCKS WAS THE INSPECTING OFFICER THIS YEAR.



BEING PARADED FOR THE LAST TIME BEFORE AMALGAMATION: THE STANDARD OF THE 1ST KING'S DRAGOON GUARDS, WHICH RETURNED TO THIS COUNTRY ON NOVEMBER 11. The standard of the 1st King's Dragoon Guards, which is being amalgamated with the Queen's Bays under the new name of the 1st The Queen's Dragoon Guards, was paraded for the last time before amalgamation at the Regimental Depot, Tidworth, on November 16.



IN CROWN COURT CHURCH, COVENT GARDEN, ON NOVEMBER 11: THE LAYING-UP CEREMONY OF A PAIR OF OLD COLOURS OF THE 1ST BATTALION, SCOTS GUARDS. A pair of Colours which were carried by the 1st Battalion, Scots Guards, from 1884-1890, were laid up in Crown Court Church at a service on November 11. Crown Court Church was originally the chapel of the Scottish Embassy in London, and after 1603 it was used by Scots who had followed their King to London. It was re-established on its present site in 1718.



MARCHING PAST THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, SIR HAROLD GILLETT: VETERANS OF THE 1914-18 WAR AFTER THEIR ANNUAL OLD COMRADES' MEMORIAL SERVICE AND CHURCH PARADE AT ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY ON NOVEMBER 16.



LEAVING ENGLAND FOR GERMANY: THE 1ST BATTALION, SCOTS GUARDS, MARCH PAST WINDSOR CASTLE EN ROUTE FOR THE RAILWAY STATION.

On Nov. 14 the 1st Battalion, Scots Guards, left Windsor for Germany, where they were to join the 4th Guards Brigade, near Düsseldorf. Traditionally, Scots Guards battalions about to move station are roused at dawn by drums and fifes playing the "Long Reveille."

IT will be allowed that this is a particularly suitable time to bring together in our thoughts the two great wars of the present century. Both are officially remembered on the same day, which is just past. November 11 was the fortieth anniversary of the armistice which brought the First World War—technically only its active hostilities—to an end, and multiples of ten rank as significant anniversaries. Another reason for this article is that on November 10 *The Times* published one entitled "Reflections on Armistice Day" from my hand, and that after its appearance it was suggested to me that some expansion of what I then wrote might be appropriate. I was cramped for space then and shall be now.

On the former occasion I commented on the widespread belief that the commanders on the Western Front were blockheads and that the



KING HUSSEIN, LEFT, ENTERING THE ROYAL PALACE IN AMMAN ON NOVEMBER 10 ON HIS RETURN TO THE CAPITAL OF JORDAN.

As reported in our last issue, King Hussein had a narrow escape when the aircraft in which he was setting out for a holiday in Europe returned safely to Jordan after being intercepted by fighters over Syria on November 10. The King's intended absence from the country had been regarded as a test of the people's loyalty to him, and on his safe return to Amman he received a significantly enthusiastic welcome. Following the incident, Jordanian authorities claimed that Syria had been notified in advance of the flight of the King's aircraft, while United Arab Republic authorities were reported as denying that permission to fly over Syria had been obtained in the proper way. Diplomatic relations between Jordan and the U.A.R. have been severed since July, and the recent incident led to increased tension between the two countries. At the time of writing, it was thought Jordan would not press her protest before the U.N. Security Council on the affair.

First World War represented a phase in which the military art stood still. It did not, in fact, stand still, but it never ceased to be at least partially fettered by the conditions. When we talk of the brilliance of the leaders of the Second World War we should remember—what most people do not—that they had at their disposal a combination of mobility and hitting power which those of the First World War never possessed. In hitting power alone, at all events on the Western Front, the leaders of the earlier war were the more strongly armed, and the bombardments of the later war were child's play to theirs. What they lacked was the power to hit hard on the move.

Warfare moves in phases. The transition is more often than not regular and not very rapid. These two wars resembled each other because they were both "total," because they were the only two great wars in which the aircraft and the tank have taken part, and even more closely because the advance in artillery was very slight. For all that, in my opinion the contrast between them was sharper than earlier experience would have foretold in the case of wars separated by only twenty-one years. They belong to different ages rather than to successive generations. This was to a certain degree true of all the chief theatres of war, but in the first war rapidity of movement increased wherever space was greatest relatively to numbers. Thus the two wars resemble each other more closely in Russia than in most theatres.

In the article to which I have alluded, and in that which I am now writing, I have no intention of belittling anybody in the way that the commanders of my generation have been belittled. I am ready to acknowledge that the latter made grave mistakes. I think British infantry tactics were often clumsy. I consider it may be arguable that skill was the higher in the second war, though I doubt whether this produced a gunner in the same street as that deadly old expert, Bruchmüller, who almost annihilated the defence in one offensive after another in Russia and in France.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

MEDITATIONS ON TWO WARS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

My object is to make it clear that in the first war battles of the type of heavy mauls over long periods were inevitably commoner than in the second. When this was so, losses might be higher, though not always.

This being the case, the conflict became a gigantic test of endurance. War is always that, but the First World War was, like the American Civil War, peculiarly so. It was inevitable that the struggle should develop into mighty and extremely costly efforts to wear down the strength and spirit of the enemy. This grinding process was practised in the First World War to the greatest extent on the Western Front, just as it was in the American war chiefly in the eastern States and the neighbourhood of Richmond. Falkenhayn employed it at Verdun, British and French on the Somme and at Ypres. Yet Falkenhayn made use of it in Russia also, though he called his aim *Lähmung* (laming), whereas we speak of attrition.

Why not have tried to find a "soft underbelly" as was attempted in the Second World War—when, by the way, the Italian theatre proved far less flabby than had been hoped? This was attempted at Gallipoli, where it failed, though it probably should have succeeded. In Macedonia the Entente might expect to be forestalled; even in Italy, to which it had direct railway lines, the Central Powers could reinforce more speedily. Palestine could bring no vital decision, as the victorious Allenby pointed out in his despatches;

the second war, and the Germans may have lost anything up to four millions in the east in its whole course.

The belief that heavy fighting with foes of equal or virtually equal military value can occur in any kind of war without involving heavy loss is false. We could not avoid it even when we were supreme in the air. To take an example, Field Marshal Lord Montgomery mentions in his recent memoirs that the casualties of his two Canadian infantry divisions, from June 6 or date of landing, to October 1, were 8211 and 9263 respectively, and one of these was not an assault division in the landing. Such loss could be paralleled in the First World War, but not very often. The losses of all divisions which saw a considerable amount of service in the First World War were, of course, heavier than virtually any division in the Second, but the first-named divisions had many more fighting days.

I have brought the Second World War into the matter only because some of the comparisons made between its leadership and that of the First are fallacious. The talk of the latter's "remoteness" is overdone. I, who ended the war as a G.S.O.3, shook hands with Haig and had a minute's talk with him. I think I saw every Army commander except Horne, in whose army I never served, some of them relatively often. Grumblers said that Haig should have spent more time minding his business in his office and less on visits. On the eve of the Battle of Arras he turned up with Allenby to congratulate a battalion on parade for a very big and successful raid. I think it likely that Foch lies still more open to that reproach, if such it is.

Appalling errors of judgment were made in both wars, as they have been in all big and long wars. Yet it cannot fairly be said that a country



A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING JORDANIAN SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS ENTHUSIASTICALLY WELCOMING KING HUSSEIN (CENTRE) IN AMMAN AFTER HIS ESCAPE WHEN SYRIAN FIGHTERS INTERCEPTED HIS AIRCRAFT.

Mesopotamia was less vital still. And if a belligerent or alliance had been allowed to avoid fighting on the Western Front when it did not want to fight, its dearest wishes would have been fulfilled.

But, it may be said, at least Second World War leadership avoided the casualty lists of the First. This is the outstanding piece of nonsense about these conflicts. It is true of few of the nations except our own. And our escape was due far more to luck than skill—the luck of being driven into the sea at Dunkirk. The dead of the Commonwealth land forces numbered roughly 950,000 in the first war as against 350,000 in the second, but measured by men and time we probably did little more than 37 per cent. as much fighting. The Russians are believed to have suffered a million dead in the first four months of

which at the start could not even clothe its recruits—so that battalions trained in the men's own suits surmounted by billycocks, straw boaters, and cloth caps—was ill-served by its military leaders in organisation, in training or in battle, in the First World War. The most magnificent of the achievements of leaders and troops was that which formed the main theme of my article in *The Times*; the way in which Haig and his men took control in the final stages of the war, from August 8 to Armistice Day, and dealt the blows which decided the issue. In this country we feel pride in many events which do not merit it half as much as this great feat of arms in a year which had earlier witnessed a succession of grave defeats. I have met many soldiers of the First World War who resent being told *ad nauseam* that they were commanded by dolts.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



ADEN. THE BROKEN WINDOWS OF A LARGE BUSINESS BLOCK IN ADEN—THE RESULT OF THE TWO DAYS' RIOTING, FOLLOWING A SUPREME COURT DECISION. On October 31 after the decision of the Supreme Court that two Arab journalists were guilty of contempt of court and were sentenced to three months' imprisonment, violent rioting broke out. Some 560 persons were arrested, 240 of whom were Yemeni hooligans, who were later deported. 260 others were released and 70 held. Five persons were killed.



DETROIT, U.S.A. CANADIAN AND U.S. AIR FORCE OFFICERS STANDING BESIDE THE COFFINS OF SIX BRITISH AIRMEN WHO DIED IN THE *VULCAN* CRASH OF OCTOBER 24. On October 24, an R.A.F. *Vulcan* bomber, carrying a message from the Mayor of Lincoln, England, to the Mayor of Lincoln, Nebraska, crashed in flames into houses on the Detroit waterfront, killing all six of the crew. Investigators said that by diving steeply the aircraft avoided causing widespread destruction in houses below. The military funeral took place on November 12.



RANGOON, BURMA. THE NEW PREMIER, GENERAL NE WIN (LEFT OF THE SPEAKER), ADDRESSING THE HOUSE OF DEPUTIES, AND PLEDGING HIMSELF TO UPHOLD THE CONSTITUTION. The recent change in the Government in Burma has been widely interpreted as an attempt to forestall a *coup d'état* by certain elements of the Army. This has been discounted by the previous Premier, U Nu, who has handed over power to General Ne Win. In his statement to Parliament on October 31 the new Premier stated that he believed in a firmer treatment of the insurgents.



GENEVA, SWITZERLAND. THE TEN NATIONS BEGIN THEIR DISCUSSION ON PROCEDURE: DELEGATES AT THE EAST-WEST TECHNICAL CONFERENCE ON SURPRISE ATTACK. The ten-nation conference of experts for the study of possible measures which might be helpful in preventing surprise attacks, which opened on November 10, had, by November 14, reached little agreement on the plan of work to be adopted. The fortnight-old three-power conference on the discontinuance of nuclear tests likewise made little progress, and the agenda is providing the initial stumbling block.



WEST BERLIN. WEST BERLIN POLICE DISPERSING SOME OF THE 2000 DEMONSTRATORS WHO GATHERED TO PROTEST OUTSIDE THE COMMUNIST RALLY AT THE SPORTPALAST. On November 13 there took place the first Communist rally to be held in the Sportpalast since Hitler's Stormtroopers drove the party underground. It was attended by about 7000 people and addressed by Professor Norden. About 2000 anti-Communists gathered outside and threw stones through the windows, before being dispersed by the West Berlin police.



VIETNAM. DURING HIS VISIT TO VIETNAM, WHERE HE RECEIVED AN HONORARY DEGREE FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF SAIGON: PRESIDENT SYNGMAN RHEE OF SOUTH KOREA (LEFT) WITH PRESIDENT NGO-DINH-DIEM OF VIETNAM.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



(Left.)
PURI, PAPUA. A
HELICOPTER'S-EYE-
VIEW OF THE DRILL-
ING SITE AT PURI,
NEW GUINEA, WHERE
OIL HAS BEGUN TO
FLOW.

On November 6 it was announced that oil and concentrate were flowing from the Puri No. 1 site, developed by the Australasian Petroleum Company, at a considerable rate, but caution was expressed about its continuance.

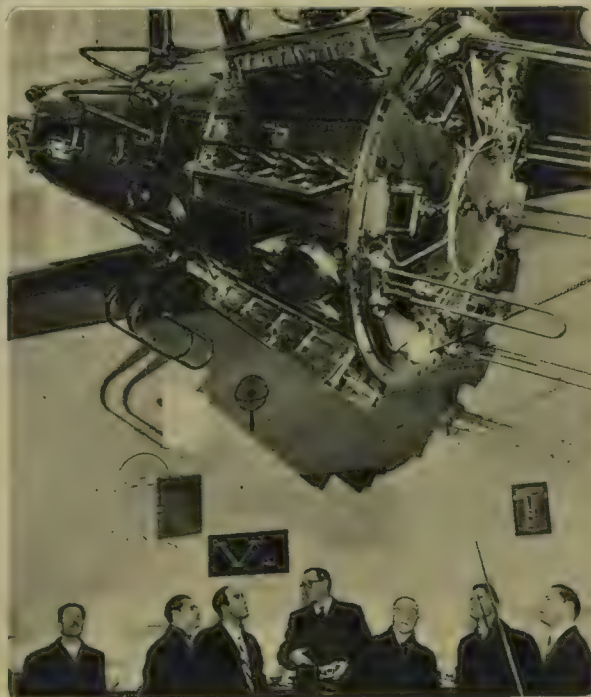


(Right.)
ORANGE, FRANCE.
TO BE OPENED EARLY
NEXT YEAR: THE NEW
ORANGE SUSPENSION
BRIDGE OVER THE
RHONE, WHICH RE-
PLACES THE ONE
DESTROYED DURING
THE WAR, ON HIGH-
WAY NO. 7.



PO DELTA, ITALY. A SCENE AT GORO, TYPICAL OF THE HEAVY FLOODING, WHICH HAS PROVED ESPECIALLY SEVERE IN THE DELTA OF THE PO.

The heavy rains which started in Italy on November 9 have caused severe flooding in many parts of Italy, but especially in the Po Delta, where violent winds and rough seas have combined with the floods to break the dykes. Three villages were submerged. In Venice the Piazza San Marco was flooded on November 13.



MOSCOW, RUSSIA. SCIENTISTS AND AN OUTSTANDING SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENT: BRITISH PHYSICISTS AT PRESENT VISITING RUSSIA AT THE INVITATION OF THE U.S.S.R. ACADEMY OF SCIENCE, BEING SHOWN A REPLICA OF SPUTNIK NO. III, NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE ALL-UNION INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.



AMMAN, JORDAN. KING HUSSEIN KNEELING IN PRAYER AT THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE WHICH MARKED HIS SAFE RETURN AFTER ATTACKS BY SYRIAN AIRCRAFT ON NOVEMBER 10. A PARLIAMENTARY STATEMENT WAS EXPECTED ON NOVEMBER 17.



ADDIS ABABA, ETHIOPIA. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (RIGHT) CHATTING WITH THE EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE, AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS ETHIOPIAN TOUR.

On November 14 H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, with the Duchess of Gloucester, arrived by air at Addis Ababa for a six-day visit to Ethiopia. They were met at the airport by the Crown Prince and later called on the Emperor and handed him a personal message from the Queen. The Duke last visited Ethiopia in 1930.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



HEAVILY-ARMED BRITISH TROOPS TAKE UP POSITIONS ON A ROOFTOP IN NICOSIA, CYPRUS, WHILE A PATROL STARTS OUT IN A LAND-ROVER.

CYPRUS. VIGOROUS MEASURES TO COMBAT THE RECENT MURDERS OF CIVILIANS.

Shortly after the announcement by Major-General Kenneth Darling, Director of Operations in Cyprus, that British civilians would be issued with revolvers, if they so wished, a further step was taken to counter the recent and serious outburst of terrorism in Cyprus. On November 9, all Greek-Cypriot employees were dismissed from the island's R.A.F. air bases and also from N.A.A.F.I. premises. The Service authorities in Nicosia, giving the news of the dismissals, said: "When violence ends, work will start again." The Prime Minister made a statement to the House of Commons regarding the situation on November 12. He declared that Great Britain would continue her efforts to reach an agreed policy on Cyprus, undeterred by violence. He also expressed complete confidence in the Governor of Cyprus, Sir Hugh Foot. It was expected that the Government would be rather heavily attacked by the Opposition on their Cyprus policy. But this did not happen. The Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Gaitskell, expressed full support to the British security forces in their "difficult and distasteful task." In Britain, more than 17,000 girls volunteered to replace the sacked Greek-Cypriot workers.



MEMBERS OF THE SECURITY FORCES INVESTIGATING JUST AFTER A BANK OFFICIAL, ANTHONY BENSON, AGED THIRTY-FOUR, HAD BEEN SHOT DEAD BY TERRORISTS IN NICOSIA ON NOVEMBER 7



BRITISH CIVILIANS PRACTISING ON "TERRORIST" TARGETS WHEN THEY WERE ISSUED WITH FIREARMS ON NOVEMBER 10.



AFTER THE MANY RECENT MURDERS IN CYPRUS, GREEK-CYPRIOT WOMEN EMPLOYEES WERE DISMISSED FROM N.A.A.F.I. CANTEENS AND ARE HERE SEEN LEAVING THE CANTEEN IN NICOSIA.



MAJOR-GENERAL K. DARLING, DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS, CYPRUS, BUYING A POPPY IN NICOSIA ON POPPY DAY. LATER HE ANNOUNCED THAT BRITISH CIVILIANS MIGHT CARRY ARMS.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



MUNICH, WEST GERMANY. AT THE HANDING-OVER CEREMONY TO THE GERMAN AIR FORCE: THE FOUCA CM 170 R JET TRAINERS—THE FIRST POST-WAR GERMAN-BUILT MILITARY AIRCRAFT. Designed in France and built by Messerschmitt's, the FOUCA CM 170 R two-seater jet trainers have now come into service with the West German Federal Air Force. They are the first military aircraft to be built in West Germany since 1945.



(Left.) AUSTRALIA. TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS AFTER ITS DISAPPEARANCE ON A FLIGHT FROM SYDNEY TO MELBOURNE: THE WRECKAGE OF THE AIRLINER "SOUTHERN CLOUD" DISCOVERED IN SOUTHERN N.S.W.

On a flight from Sydney to Melbourne in 1931 the famous pioneer airliner "Southern Cloud" disappeared. Last month, twenty-seven years later, the wreckage of the aircraft was found in dense undergrowth on a mountainside near Cabramurra, in southern New South Wales.

(Right.) AUSTRALIA. INSPECTING SOME OF THE WRECKAGE OF "SOUTHERN CLOUD": RAY INDERSWISCH, A SNOWY MOUNTAINS CONSTRUCTION WORKER.



EAST CAPE PROVINCE, SOUTH AFRICA. AGROUND AND ON FIRE: THE 5,155-TON GLASGOW FREIGHTER FORRESBANK.

On November 10 the freighter *Forresbank* drifted ashore on the coast of East Cape Province, South Africa, after the crew had abandoned ship following an outbreak of fire in the engine room. The ship was later reported to be a total wreck.



BERLIN, GERMANY. NOW IN POSITION ON THE BRANDENBURG GATE, STANDING ON THE BERLIN SECTOR BOUNDARY: THE RESTORED QUADRIGA.

First set up in 1790 and destroyed in the last war, the Quadriga is now in position again on the Brandenburg Gate, in Berlin. The restored Quadriga was cast in copper by a West Berlin firm, and it has been set up by the East Berlin authorities. The statue vanished for a time when it was about to be put in position in August.



WASHINGTON, D.C., THE UNLUCKY HOPE DIAMOND PRESENTED TO THE SMITHSONIAN: DR. CARMICHAEL ACCEPTING THE DIAMOND FROM MRS. WINSTON.

Mr. Harry Winston, the New York gem dealer, has presented the famous blue Hope Diamond to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. The Secretary of the Institution, Dr. Leonard Carmichael, is seen here accepting the diamond from Mrs. Winston at a ceremony on November 10. The diamond had been insured for a million dollars.

A FAMOUS WRITER'S OUTLOOK.

"POINTS OF VIEW." By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

THIS book carries with it an announcement by the publishers that it is the last the author will ever publish, and this would appear to have persuaded a number of his readers that it is a sort of literary testament. This may, indeed, be the case, but I can find little trace of it in these 250 pages, which rather seem to be the reminiscences of an old and distinguished man looking back on the lessons of a very long life, not indeed with bitterness but occasionally with a chuckle over what he recalls. There are five essays in the volume, but whatever our interest in the characters with whom Mr. Maugham deals, such as Goethe and the Goncourts, it is what he says about the craft of authorship that is likely first to rivet our attention.

He begins with a study of Goethe's novels, and at a very early stage in this examination he says:

It is evident that the novelist must be something of an extrovert, since otherwise he will not have the urge to express himself; but he can make do with no more intelligence than is needed for a man to be a good lawyer or a good doctor. He must be able to tell such story as he has to tell effectively so that he may hold his readers' attention. He need not love his fellow-creatures (that would be asking too much) but he must be profoundly interested in them; and he must have the gift of empathy which enables him to step into their shoes, think their thoughts, and feel their feelings.

If these are the qualifications of a great novelist, then it is difficult to see how any egoist can be a great novelist: Goethe was one of the most consummate egoists who ever put pen to paper, so it is not surprising that even Mr. Maugham, an admirer of Goethe if ever there was one, has to confess that his hero failed as a novelist. All the same he would have us read "The Sorrows of Werther," "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," and "Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre"; his advice may be followed by some of his disciples, but most of us would rather spend the time re-reading the earlier Somerset Maugham.

When, however, we come to what the author has to say about the short story we feel that we are sitting at the feet of the master; for few would deny that he is the greatest writer of short stories of our time, and one of the greatest of all time. He tells us that he assumes "the short story was created in the night of time when the hunter, to beguile the leisure of his fellows when they had eaten and drunk their fill, narrated by the cavern fire some fantastic incident he had heard of." This may well have been the case, and in those primitive conditions the narrator had a relatively easy task with an unsophisticated audience, but to-day, the writing of a really good short story is one of the most difficult of literary feats. Mr. Maugham will not include Henry James among those who have mastered the art:

He wrote many, and they are greatly admired by cultivated readers whose opinion one is bound to respect. It is impossible, I imagine, for anyone who knew Henry James in the flesh to read his stories dispassionately. He got the sound of his voice into every line he wrote, and you accept the convoluted style of so much of his work, his long-windedness and his mannerisms, because they are part and parcel of the charm, benignity and amusing pomposity of the man you remember. But, for all that I find his stories highly unsatisfactory. I do not believe them. I don't think Henry James ever knew how ordinary people behave. His characters have neither bowels nor sexual organs.

Maupassant, on the other hand, he rates very high, and rightly so, for "La Parure" is surely one of the best short stories ever written. Strangely enough, there is no mention of Anatole France, for although in the main far inferior to Maupassant, he did write "Le Procureur de Judée," which is a gem. Chekhov also comes in for much deserved praise on the ground that he "could give an extraordinary reality to the events he described. You accept what is told you as you would the account of an event described by a trustworthy reporter"—by contrast with Henry James, for example.

Kipling is another of Mr. Maugham's heroes. "Among the English writers of short stories he alone can bear comparison with the masters of France and Russia." Some of us might be inclined to qualify this verdict by the addition of the words "at his best," for on occasion Homer could nod, and at times he was so stylised as to be almost unreadable. Yet at his best he was superb, and "The Maltese Cat," "An Habitation Enforced," and "The Village That Voted the Earth Was Flat" need fear no comparison with anything written in France or Russia. Some readers will regret that there is no mention of Saki, or of Thomas Hardy, whose "The Duke's Reappearance"

is his language in any way dated, though one may occasionally detect an outlook on some specific point which is obsolescent, if not obsolete.

The forty pages that Mr. Maugham devotes to a Hindu mystic, the Maharshi, show him at his best; no much younger man could have written them, for they are marked by an easy tolerance which is not, and should not be, a characteristic of youth. The author sums

THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

William Somerset Maugham was born in 1874 and educated at Heidelberg University and St. Thomas's Hospital, London. He made his literary name in 1897 with the publication of his novel "Liza of Lambeth," the material for which he gathered during his time as a medical student. Another of his most famous novels, "Of Human Bondage," was published in 1915 and concerns more immediately the life of a medical student. His many famous plays include "Our Betters" and "For Services Rendered." Mr. Maugham is now resident for most of the year at St. Jean-Cap Ferrat, in the south of France.

up his approach to the religions of the East—perhaps of the West, too—in one revealing sentence—"That a religion is very old does not mean that it is true; but it does mean that for age after age it has satisfied the spiritual demands of those who believe in it." In this particular sketch Mr. Maugham shows that whether or no he shares the beliefs of the Hindus he understands them in a way which very few Englishmen have ever done.

It would be an exaggeration to say that the transition from the Maharshi to the Goncourts is to pass from the sublime to the ridiculous, but personally I find the Indian mystic as attractive as the two Frenchmen are repulsive. Mr. Maugham shows in his study of Goethe that he is irresistibly drawn to the egoist, and in all the annals of literature there have rarely been two such outstanding egoists as Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. Their opinion of themselves was well described by Edmond, when he wrote, "I am a well-born man of letters, and the common people, the mob, if you like, have for me the attractiveness of unknown and undiscovered races, something like the exotic that

travellers at the cost of great suffering seek in far-off countries." Their great-grandfather, it may be observed, was an attorney with the plebeian name of Antoine Huot who bought a property at Goncourt, and obtained from Louis XVI the right to call himself Huot de Goncourt. Mr. Maugham observes that "the two brothers were industrious, but they had little imagination and no sense of form": they did, however, possess an overweening conceit, and nothing would have given them greater pleasure than to have known that their Journals would be a cause of acrimonious controversy down to our own time. How weary one gets of them and their dinners *chez Magny*!

In fine, if this is to be Mr. Somerset Maugham's last book it is in his great tradition; all that his admirers look for is here, but it must be read as a farewell, not as a literary testament.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 912 of this issue.



RADIO-ACTIVE PILES IN SCHOOLS—A MISTAKE CORRECTED. SIXTH-FORM BOYS OPERATING WITH RADIO-ACTIVE MATERIALS BEHIND A LEAD SCREEN AT ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL, LEATHERHEAD, WHICH WAS THE FIRST SCHOOL TO HAVE ITS OWN RADIO-ACTIVE PILE—NOT MALVERN COLLEGE, AS STATED IN A PREVIOUS ISSUE.

In our issue of October 4 this year it was stated that Malvern College was the first school to have its own radio-active pile. This was incorrect, St. John's School, Leatherhead, where an atomic pile has been in use for the past five years, being the first. The study of radio-activity was begun at St. John's School in 1950.

Very strict safety precautions are maintained at all times.

might surely have been included. As Lord David Cecil has said, the preaching tendency grew on Hardy, but it is not as a rule evident in his short stories.

The present volume, however, is not wholly, nor even principally, an account of the short story combined with suggestions as to the way in which it should be written. There are, in addition to the examination of Goethe's three novels, essays on the Goncourt Brothers and Paul Léautaud, on an Indian mystic, and, perhaps the least satisfactory, on that obscure and somewhat unattractive seventeenth-century ecclesiastic, Archbishop Tillotson. We see here the truth of the saying that the real essay is almost always the flowering of maturity, and if this were in doubt the proof is to be found in the pages of this book. Mr. Maugham is eighty-four, and in his easy polished style, with its fully-justified assurance, he carries the reader along smoothly and comfortably—it is small wonder that his methods have been likened to a journey in a Rolls-Royce; nor, it may be added,

* "Points of View." By W. Somerset Maugham. (Messrs. William Heinemann; 21s.)

ARCHÆOLOGICAL "UGLY DUCKLINGS": THE STRANGE STORY OF THE ST. NINIAN'S

IN our issue of August 23 this year, we published an illustrated article on the discovery by Professor A. C. O'Dell, of Aberdeen University, of a hoard of bronze objects, in the course of excavations directed by him in St. Ninian's Isle, off the west coast of Mainland, Shetland, the site of mediæval and perhaps earlier churches. The hoard was actually found by Douglas Coutts, a schoolboy helper, in a box under a slab lightly



FIG. 1. A "PRICKER" AND A DELIGHTFUL SPOON, OF WHICH THE SHAFT ENDS IN A DOG'S HEAD, THE DOG BEING ENGAGED IN LICKING THE CONTENTS OF THE SPOON.

Continued.] inscribed with a cross. The objects, owing to their brilliant green incrustation, were all believed to be of bronze, all being of metal except for a porpoise bone which was probably used as a reliquary. Since then the objects have been in the Research Laboratory of the British Museum, where Dr. Plenderleith's brilliant team, led by Mr. R. M. Organ, made the surprising discovery that all these metal objects were of silver, in

[Continued below.



FIG. 2. NOW CLEANED AND REVEALED AS SILVER BELT ENDS. BOTH ARE OPEN ON THE INNER ARC TO ADMIT AND GRIP THE LEATHER OR FABRIC OF THE BELT.



FIG. 3. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BELT ENDS. THAT ON THE RIGHT CARRIES A LATIN INSCRIPTION WHICH HAS BEEN TENTATIVELY TRANSCRIBED. SEE TEXT.



FIG. 4. THE LARGEST OF THE TWELVE PENNULAR BROOCHES OF THE TREASURE. LIKE ALL, EXCEPT ONE, IT WAS ORIGINALLY GILT, TRACES OF WHICH REMAIN.



FIG. 5. THREE OF ELEVEN PENNULAR BROOCHES OF APPROXIMATELY THE SAME SIZE AND VERY SIMILAR, THOUGH NEVER IDENTICAL, ORNAMENT. SILVER-GILT.



FIG. 6. THREE THIMBLE-LIKE OBJECTS OF SILVER, WHICH WERE PROBABLY BELT ATTACHMENTS. ALL HAVE THE HORIZONTAL HOLE SEEN IN THE LEFT EXAMPLE.



FIG. 7. PERHAPS THE FINEST AND ONE OF THE BEST-PRESERVED OF THE SEVEN SHALLOW BOWLS OF SILVER, WITH TYPICAL CELTIC ORNAMENT.

Continued.] many cases silver-gilt, and with inlays, where these survived, of blue or brown glass and in one case (Fig. 8) of red enamel. The silver was a base silver containing a heavy proportion of copper and it was this which had produced the bright green corrosion. Very delicate treatment was required to clean, repair and consolidate the objects. The hanging bowl (Figs. 9 and 10) required eighteen separate operations, the other objects requiring nearly as many. Even so, the

cleaned metal still contains unstable minerals and the objects will have to be kept in specially constructed cases, hermetically sealed and containing silica-gel elements to extract any humidity from the air. The treasure will remain on display in the Main Hall of the British Museum for a month from November 13, after which it will be moved to an as yet unspecified Scottish Museum. The objects are of great beauty and interest in themselves and it is fairly clear that

TREASURE, OR THE BRONZE WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE SILVER WHEN CLEANED.



FIG. 8. BEFORE CLEANING, ANOTHER BOWL WAS CORRODED INTO THIS AND THE EXISTENCE OF THE CENTRAL ORNAMENT, WITH ENAMEL INLAY, WAS A COMPLETE SURPRISE.



FIG. 9. THIS SILVER HANGING BOWL IS UNIQUE, THOUGH BRONZE EXAMPLES ARE NOT UNCOMMON IN VIKING AND ANGLO-SAXON GRAVES. THE BASE PLATE IS LOOSE.



FIG. 10. THE INTERIOR OF THE HANGING BOWL, TO SHOW THE INTRICATE CENTRAL ORNAMENT. THE RINGS ARE AWKWARD AND THE BOWL, PROBABLY, WAS NEVER HUNG.

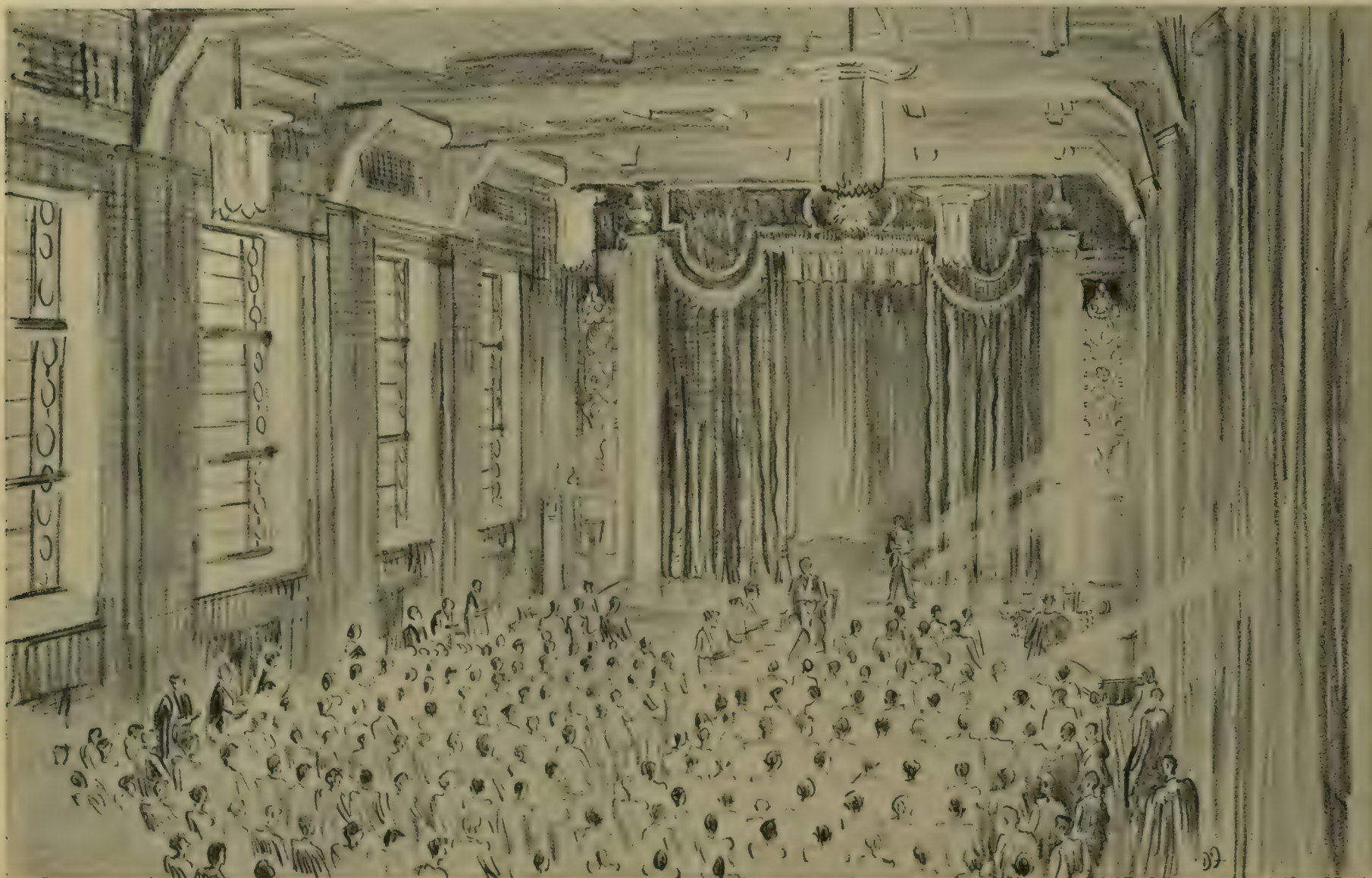
they were all made in Scotland, although the designs have affinities with work from both Ireland and England, the Celtic world of the eighth century being, in any case, very closely bound. Among the most interesting things revealed by the cleaning are the spoon and "pricker," the spoon with its engaging little dog licking the bowl being particularly pleasing. These were originally thought to be elements of the hanging bowl. This last, incidentally, was never hung, as

the rings are awkwardly set and would, if used, have distorted the bowl. The inscription on one of the belt ends reads: on one side "IN NOMINE D(IE)S(UMMI)," i.e., "In the name of God the Highest"; but the other side can be read either as "RES ADKILIS P(RES)B(ITER)IS S(AN)C(T)IO" (The property of Adkil the holy priest) or "RESAD FILI SP(irit)US S(AN)C(T)IO" (—of the Son and Holy Spirit), the final O being considered as an ornamental filler.

THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XVI. MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL.



CONTAINING WAR MEMORIAL PANELS AND THE NAMES OF HEADMASTERS AND HEAD MONITORS. THE VESTIBULE LEADING TO THE GREAT HALL.



THE SCENE IN THE GREAT HALL DURING MORNING PRAYERS. ON THE DAIS AT THE FAR END A MONITOR ANNOUNCES THE HYMN.

In 1933 Merchant Taylors' School entered a new phase of its existence when it moved from the City of London, where it had been situated since its foundation in 1561, to its present site at Sandy Lodge, near Northwood, Middlesex. The school at Sandy Lodge was designed by Professor William Newton and is a notable example of modern school construction, being built in an attractive deep red brick with stone ornamentation. Surrounding the School is an estate

of 250 acres, of which sixty are playing fields and the rest meadows and woodlands. The purpose of the Merchant Taylors' Company in moving the School was to place it in more spacious surroundings, where there would be room for expansion and where the playing fields would be close at hand. Out of the 600 boys, 540 are day boys, and the School was thus moved to a place within easy reach of greater London, on the north-west side.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.

A STRIKING VIEW AT A FAMOUS CITY PUBLIC SCHOOL.



THE CLOCK TOWER AND SOME OF THE FORM ROOMS AT MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL, SANDY LODGE, NORTHWOOD, MIDDLESEX.

Merchant Taylors' School has been closely connected with St. John's College, Oxford, since Sir Thomas White, Lord Mayor of London in 1553, a member of the Merchant Taylors' Company and founder of the College, established in the sixteenth century scholarships linking the two foundations. The School has produced many eminent men, among them Edmund Spenser, the poet, Lancelot Andrewes, the first of a long line of O.M.T. bishops, Thomas Kyd, the dramatist—all pupils of the dynamic first Headmaster, Richard Mulcaster—and

Lord Clive. More recently, three of the School's Old Boys have received the Order of Merit—Lord Hailey, the late Sir James Jeans and the late Dr. Gilbert Murray. Merchant Taylors' has a high reputation in Rugby football, a reputation shared by the Old Merchant Taylors, now in their seventy-sixth season as a playing club. The School was founded by the Worshipful Company of Merchant Taylors as a grammar school "for the better education and bringing up of children in good manners and literature."

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders



SOME OF PROFESSOR WILLIAM NEWTON'S FINE BUILDINGS AT MERCHANT TAYLORS': THE QUADRANGLE, WITH THE GREAT HALL IN THE BACKGROUND.

Much of the money required for the purchase of Merchant Taylors' first home, a mansion known as the Manor of the Rose—the name given to the present boarders' House at Sandy Lodge—was provided by Richard Hilles, who, with Sir Thomas White, was one of the School's principal benefactors in its early days. The School remained at the Manor of the Rose, in Suffolk Lane (near Cannon Street Station), until the Great Fire of 1666, when the

Manor was destroyed. After eight years in temporary premises, the School returned to a new building on the site of the old one, and here it stayed until 1875, when it moved to larger premises in Charterhouse Square, during the Headmastership of William Baker. Merchant Taylors' School remained in Charterhouse Square—on a site formerly owned by Charterhouse, which had previously moved to Godalming—for nearly sixty years. The bold

decision to break with tradition and move out of London was taken by the Governors in 1929, four years before the removal to Sandy Lodge took place. The Headmaster at the time of the School's final migration was Spencer Leeson. The School is governed by the Master, Wardens and Court of Assistants of the Merchant Taylors' Company, and from the earliest days the Company has contributed generously towards the School's maintenance.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.

All the pupils are thus beneficiaries of the Company. (Until 1910, Merchant Taylors' School, Crosby, Lancs., founded by a Merchant Taylor of London in 1620, was also governed by the Company.) In 1961 Merchant Taylors' will celebrate its four-hundredth anniversary, and recently a quatercentenary appeal was launched. The object of the appeal is to establish a trust fund for the provision of entrance bursaries to the School.

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO: LONDON AT THE TIME OF THE FIRST ELIZABETH'S ACCESSION, NOVEMBER 17, 1558.

By MARTIN HOLMES, F.S.A., Assistant Keeper in the London Museum.

FOR close upon 200 years November 17 was a day of national rejoicing over all England. It was not an officially-established festival, nor was there any particular tradition that the day of the Sovereign's accession should be marked by the blazing of bonfires and the joyful pealing of church bells; the practice appears to have arisen instinctively, when Elizabeth I had been a few years upon the throne, out of a universal sense of relief, joy and very sincere thankfulness to Heaven. Peace and prosperity had come after the doubt, danger and dissension of so many years, and the change was welcomed with public thanksgiving down to the middle of the eighteenth century.

The London that welcomed its new queen just 400 years ago was a very different city from the London that mourned her death some forty-five years later. Joris Hoefnagel's pictorial map, though published in 1572, appears to have been conceived in or before 1560, for it shows St. Paul's Cathedral with the tall central spire which was burned down in 1561 and never replaced. John Stow the chronicler reports, however, that "divers models were devised and made," though nothing was done beyond repairing the roof, and one of the designs for a new spire, an elegant pen-and-ink drawing, lightly tinted in blue picked out with gold and a little crimson (Fig. 2), is still in existence in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries.

keep abreast of modern fashions; the London halberdiers of 1560 are recorded as having been equipped with "Almain rivets" (Fig. 3), the adaptable half-armor made in such quantities in Augsburg and Nuremberg twenty-five or thirty years earlier for the German mercenary soldiery. The workshops of Greenwich were making armour for the Quality, and their finest products were to be seen by the London public at the splendid assaults-at-arms held, when the Court was in residence, in the tilt-yard at Whitehall.

Elizabeth herself knew and valued her London associations. On her mother's side she was descended from a Lord Mayor, she received the applause of her citizens with a pleasure that she saw no need to dissemble, and in consequence she was accepted all the more readily by Londoners as one of themselves. She had been born at Greenwich, imprisoned in the Tower, rapturously acclaimed on her formal progress through the city on the way to her coronation, and again and again, at moments of national emotion or rejoicing, that pale aquiline face, set off with its red-gold hair and jewelled ornaments (Fig. 6), was seen against a background of London streets. When the great Sir Thomas Gresham established on Cornhill a much-needed centre for London businessmen, constructed after the fashion of the Bourse at



FIG. 1. LONDONERS OF 400 YEARS AGO: A DETAIL FROM THE FOREGROUND OF JORIS HOEFNAGEL'S PICTORIAL MAP OF LONDON, PUBLISHED IN 1572 BUT APPARENTLY CONCEIVED IN OR BEFORE 1560.

Despite its Italian style, it reminds us that old St. Paul's was essentially a mediæval building, a kind of Salisbury Cathedral dominating Ludgate Hill. But Hoefnagel's map is all the more valuable for showing us not only the London of that day but the Londoner as well. At the foot of the map, in the open fields beyond Southwark, the space is filled up by a group of typical Londoners (Fig. 1) who are well worth a few moments' observation, partly because of the extent to which they differ from the popular conception of the Elizabethan Englishman. Here is no sign of doublet and hose, no cartwheel ruff and monstrous farthingale, the London citizen wears a fur-trimmed gown and a small, flat hat, his lady has a farthingale indeed, but it is of a moderate size, held out by a series of graduated hoops of cane or osier sewn into the fabric, and her ruff is no more than visible above the high collar of her bodice.

In other words, the Londoner of 1558 was not a courtier but a merchant. The Tudor nobleman, like his mediæval forbears, was a country gentleman living and hunting on his own lands, or attending his king on one of the great Royal estates. The average Englishman would have no reason for living in a city except the very simple one that he lived where he worked. From its earliest days London had been a great commercial centre, and the Elizabethan Londoner, accordingly, was essentially a merchant. He had no incentive to

Antwerp, she paid it a State visit of inspection and approval, went round the building and "thoroughly viewed every part thereof," finally having its name proclaimed with sound of trumpets as the Royal Exchange. And many years later, when the great navy of Spain had been launched unavailingly against this country and the threat of invasion had been lifted from the minds of her subjects, it was to London that she came for the service of thanksgiving, alighting from her chariot-throne to kneel in the sight of her people before the cathedral doors as a prelude to entering as queen and taking her place in the Royal seat appointed for her.

As time went on, the London connection grew manifestly stronger. Westminster became, to all intents and purposes, the permanent headquarters of the Court, and it was consequently worth a courtier's while at last to have a permanent home in or near the city. Houses and streets began to fill the open space between London and Westminster, and London acquired for the first time a purely residential district and a fashionable, more or less leisured population. The "Spanish mode" of padded doublet, cloak and tall, tapering hat (Fig. 5) succeeded the short cassock and flat cap hitherto associated with London dress, and a plain suit of the new fashion, avoiding the exaggerations of the extremist, would pass muster in Court and City alike.



FIG. 2. AN ELIZABETHAN DESIGN FOR A NEW SPIRE OF OLD ST. PAUL'S: "AN ELEGANT PEN-AND-INK DRAWING, LIGHTLY TINTED IN BLUE PICKED OUT WITH GOLD AND A LITTLE CRIMSON."

All the illustrations to this article are drawn from the current exhibition at the London Museum, "The London of Elizabeth I," which closes on December 6. The charming drawing above, which has been lent by the Society of Antiquaries to the London Museum, is dated 1562, and was one of a number of designs suggested to replace the central spire of the Cathedral which was burnt down in 1561 and never replaced.

Traffic and transport, likewise, underwent an alteration as the reign went on. For the first time it became customary for carts, coaches and drays to go along the narrow streets of the city, which had been built for nothing wider than the usual passage of pedestrians, horsemen and lines of pack-animals going in single file. An Elizabethan's lament for the change is found in John Stow's "Survey," and announces the coming of the traffic-problem that has remained with us ever since. Far swifter, wider and cleaner was the broad surface of the Thames, where the pedestrian might hire a boat and a sturdy waterman (Fig. 4) and be rowed upstream to Westminster, or downstream to Greenwich, or wherever his business lay, having a care, whenever possible, to take advantage of the tide, which could save time and labour when rightly chosen, but could hold matters up, at other hours, by making the narrow arches of London Bridge dangerous and impassable to river craft.

The streets of London might be increasingly congested and confused, but inside the houses and shops were more and more signs of prosperity. Glass was being set in the windows instead of horn, almost every householder would have his service of plate, be it of pewter, silver or silver-gilt. Hangings, table-covers and accessories of costume would be lavishly adorned with needlework (Figs. 7, 8, 9), either purchased from professional "broderers." [Continued opposite page.

LONDONERS OF 400 YEARS AGO; AND THEIR APPAREL, RICH OR PLAIN.



FIG. 3. A LONDON HALBERDIER OF 1560, WEARING AN "ALMAIN RIVET" OF ABOUT 1535, ADAPTABLE HALF-ARMOUR OF THE TYPE TURNED OUT IN QUANTITY IN GERMANY.



FIG. 4. A LONDON SAILOR OR WATERMAN: A FIGURE WEARING AN ORIGINAL SAILOR'S BLOUSE AND BREECHES AND THE FLAT CAP AND COIF OF ELIZABETH'S REIGN.



FIG. 5. SUITABLY DRESSED FOR COURT OR COUNTING-HOUSE: A FIGURE WEARING A MAN'S HAT, DOUBLET AND BREECHES OF BLACK-FIGURED VELVET OF ABOUT 1580 TO 1590.

Continued from preceding page.] or worked at home by the industrious fingers of the women of the household. Sometimes this work would be carried out on a ground of coloured silk or velvet, like the tabbed purple cuffs of the gloves in Fig. 7, but a favourite technique was that of embroidering in red or black silk, sometimes enhanced by the use of gold and spangles, on a ground of plain unbleached linen. Sufficient examples remain, in public and private collections, to show the widespread popularity of this "black-work" and the variety of subjects it depicted, scrolls, flowers, insects and even architectural features (Figs. 8 and 9) being ingeniously incorporated in the design. By the end of the reign, London had developed into something very different from the almost mediæval merchant-city of Hoefnagel's day, and modern London had come into being under the guardian shadow of Elizabeth.

(Right.)
FIG. 6. DECKED IN JEWELLED HAIR ORNAMENTS OF THE QUEEN'S OWN DAY: A CARVED WOODEN HEAD FROM A FIGURE OF ELIZABETH I SET UP IN THE TOWER IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



FIG. 7. THE GLOVES OF ELIZABETH'S REIGN WITH THEIR CUFFS CUT INTO CHARACTERISTIC TABS OR "PICKADILLS" AND EMBROIDERED IN COLOURED SILKS.

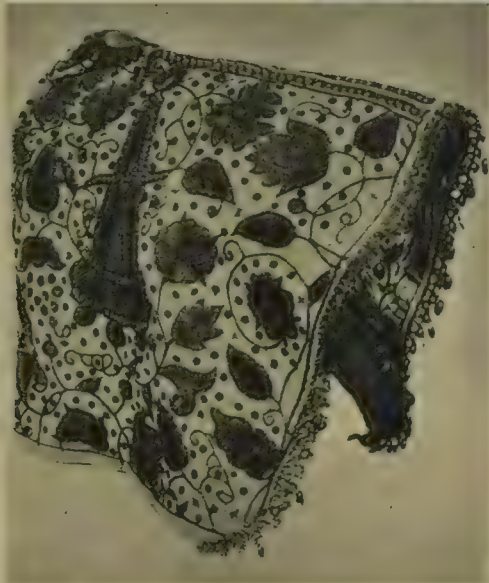


FIG. 8. WITH AN ARCHITECTURAL FEATURE AN ELIZABETHAN OBELISK—AMONG SCARLET AND SILVER EMBROIDERY ON A WOMAN'S CAP.



FIG. 9. AN INDOOR CAP FOR A MAN, EMBROIDERED IN "BLACK-WORK" WITH A DESIGN OF ACORNS AND OAK LEAVES, AND TRIMMED WITH SILVER LACE.



JUST 100 years ago Eugène Boudin wrote this in his diary—"A day filled with disgust; my heart sinks as I realise that whatever I do I cannot make a halfpenny by my work." Seven years previously, at the age of twenty-seven, he had been sent to Paris by the Municipality of Le Havre with a three-year scholarship of 1200 francs per annum; there he worked like a beaver during the winters and escaped to the wide skies of the Seine during the summers, working no less, but being rebuked all the same for not spending the whole of his magnificently generous scholarship in the capital. "If Corot," he said during this period, "with his immense talent, had all the difficulty in the world to make a name for himself, what have not the rest of us to suffer." An incurably modest man!—and one who appeared to be as proud of having taught Claude Monet as of his own paintings. The relationship between the two does honour to both, for Boudin noticed a few clever little caricatures by an unknown young man in a shop window at Le Havre, made his acquaintance, and took him out painting in the open air. Monet's eyes were opened—indeed, it seems that he saw the world with a new vision from that very moment—and in later life he asserted that "if I became a painter I owe it to Eugène Boudin."

By now we take Boudin so much for granted, whether he is painting delicious little beach scenes or rough seas or silvery skies or bright little figures washing clothes on the banks of the Seine, that we are liable to forget both his early struggles and the solid character of his achievement. But though I have quoted two sentences from the 1850's which seem to be despairing, by the time he was forty—that is, by 1864—he was, though not affluent, at any rate in much easier circumstances; he was by then a friend of both Courbet and of Whistler, and spent the summer of 1865 with them at Trouville. Their connections were evidently of use to him, dealers both in Paris and in Brussels began to sing his praises, and by the time he reached the age of fifty he had definitely achieved that modest amount of comfort which was all good painters of his age demanded, and which would seem derisory to so many of the bright young men of to-day. His position must have appeared also exceedingly humble to forgotten and successful painters like Meissonier, who made a fortune, as Boudin shrewdly pointed out in a much-quoted letter, "with an old plumed felt hat and a pair of musketeer's boots."

He goes on to ask what interest these objects will have for the future—and the future by now has answered his question. This is the letter—far too long to quote in full here—in which, half-seriously, he justifies his choice of beach scenes as suitable subjects for a serious artist; and how odd to realise that any sort of justification seemed necessary to him! But his arguments are interesting, particularly so, as these charming,

sparkling pictures have often been regarded as evocations of the fashionable world disporting itself. To their creator they were nothing of the sort. He says—in so many words—that Flemish and Italian painters clothed their figures in contemporary dress, that modern painters like Millet deliberately choose to portray hard-working peasants. "But," he continues, "these middle-class people who walk on the jetty towards the sunset—haven't they the right to a place on the canvas, to be brought into the light? These people who come from offices are often resting from hard work; if there are some parasites among them, are not there also many who have fulfilled their task?"



"RIVER LANDSCAPE": A BOUDIN OF 1891. (Oil on canvas: 18½ by 25½ ins.)



"ROUGH SEA OFF CALAIS PIER": A WORK OF 1873 IN THE EUGENE BOUDIN EXHIBITION AT THE MARLBOROUGH GALLERIES, ABOUT WHICH FRANK DAVIS WRITES THIS WEEK. (Oil on canvas: 12 by 18 ins.)

He concludes that he proposes to follow the path he has chosen, however narrow it may be, and that it is for the public to judge. I find this defence strangely moving. There is nothing about the divine right of the artist to set down on canvas what he pleases and to blaze with criticism, but an argument on a wholly different plane—that a man in an overcoat from an office deserves to be considered as fit for immortality as any one of Millet's peasants, and that it is not necessary to dress him up. Never was a more down-to-earth, a more matter-of-fact defence, particularly as he begins by addressing himself to those who have congratulated him for having dared to put into his pictures things and people of his own time and of finding a method of making

a man in an overcoat and a woman in a waterproof acceptable, thanks "to the sauce and garnishings" with which he dished them up. How simple a point of view and how exasperating for those who are convinced that a more than ordinary talent can only be explained in abstruse psychological terms! Indeed, the good-humoured ordinariness of the man makes him a by no means easy subject for biography; one can make so much greater play with the melancholy of a Constable, the eccentricity of a Turner, the impishness of a Whistler, the perversity of a Picasso.

The exhibition of his work at the Marlborough Galleries just opened, which includes the loan of many well-known examples from both public and private collections, shows the wide range of his interests and the power of his imagination. And how easy most of it looks, particularly the beach scenes, with their little flecks of colour, the pattern made by the parasols; you look more closely and you note how solidly placed on the ground are the figures, how they have weight and mass, and how they are bathed in light, not merely placed against it; you then realise that for him, as for other men of his calibre, there were no short cuts, but that all these apparently effortless marvels were the result of long laborious days with no obvious future to them—when the young Boudin was in the Louvre making copies of—among others—Potter, Van de Velde, Ruysdael, Teniers, Boucher, Watteau, Lancret and Vernet—an austere discipline which not every hopeful student can survive. He was no more a traveller than was Constable. True he went to Brittany and to Belgium—and he also went over the border to Holland; he painted at Calais, just as Constable painted at Dover, but one thinks of both men as essentially belonging to one corner of their native land—the Englishman to Suffolk, the Frenchman to the Seine Estuary and the near-by coast.

Boudin père was the captain of the ferry-boat which ran between Honfleur and Le Havre, and it was on the quay at Honfleur and on the broad stretch of water between the two ports, and up-river to Rouen, that the boy acquired his knowledge of ships and of tides and first observed the infinite complexity of the sky. One could almost say that by the time he was able to put pencil to paper, much more a brush to canvas, he had absorbed all this into his very bones. From the very first his subject-matter was predestined and one finds it difficult to picture him as living any sort of tolerable existence more than a few yards from the water's edge, though whether the water was salt or fresh, was of no great consequence. He has never been classed among the greatest of his generation, he was no great innovator, he took no part in current wrangles, he aroused no fierce controversy, he died honoured and by no means unsung, and his fame has increased with the years. Perhaps the last word about him should remain with his greater contemporary Corot, who summed up one phase of his work in this generous phrase—"The king of the skies."

HARBOUR, BEACH AND SEA: EUGENE BOUDIN'S ART IN AN IMPRESSIVE LONDON EXHIBITION.



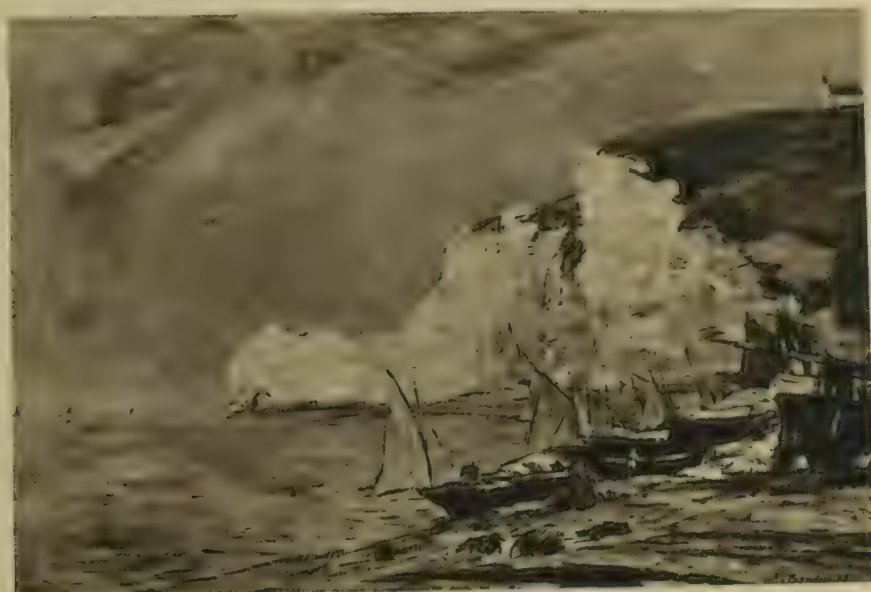
"ANTWERP, 1871," BY EUGENE BOUDIN (1824-1898): ONE OF THE NINETY-THREE WORKS IN THE LOAN EXHIBITION AT THE MARLBOROUGH GALLERY. (Oil on panel: 13½ by 22½ ins.)



"HARBOUR ENTRANCE, TROUVILLE." BORN IN NORMANDY, AT HONFLEUR, THE SON OF A SHIP'S CAPTAIN, BOUDIN DID MUCH OF HIS PAINTING IN THAT AREA. (Oil on panel: 10½ by 8½ ins.) (Glasgow Art Gallery, Burrell Collection.)



"TROUVILLE, 1894": A LATE PAINTING OF THE HARBOUR WHERE BOUDIN FOUND SO MUCH OF HIS INSPIRATION. (Oil on panel: 12½ by 15½ ins.)



"THE CLIFFS AT ETRETAT, 1888": A SCENE WHICH BOUDIN OBVIOUSLY SAW WITH MUCH THE SAME EYES AS MONET, WHOM HE HAD TAUGHT. (Oil on canvas: 18½ by 25½ ins.)



"ON THE BEACH, TROUVILLE, 1865": A FINE EXAMPLE OF BOUDIN'S WONDERFUL PLACE SCENES, OF WHICH THERE ARE SEVERAL IN THIS EXHIBITION. (Oil on panel: 14 by 22½ ins.)



"SHORE AT SCHEVENINGEN": A WORK OF ABOUT 1890 IN WHICH BOUDIN HAS EFFECTIVELY CAPTURED THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE DUTCH COAST. (Oil on panel: 18½ by 13 ins.)

For their fine Eugène Boudin Exhibition the Marlborough Gallery have assembled nearly eighty paintings, three pastels and eleven water-colours. The Exhibition, which is being held in aid of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, continues at 17-18, Old Bond Street, until just before Christmas. The Louvre, the Musée de Honfleur, the Tate Gallery and the Glasgow Art Gallery are among the many museums and private collectors who have lent works for the exhibition. Boudin was essentially an open air painter—indeed

he once wrote: "three brush strokes from nature are worth more than two days' studio work at the easel." Born in Normandy, Boudin found in the Channel coast the ideal setting for his open air painting, while in his *place* scenes he was able to fulfil another of his beliefs by putting on canvas the middle-class men and women of whom he was one. Boudin's art has long been appreciated in this country, and this important exhibition provides a valuable opportunity of studying his achievements.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



FOR some reason or other pygmy trees and shrubs have always fascinated me, whether they are natural dwarfs or have been stunted by a system of starvation and pruning in the Japanese manner. One of the most attractive natural dwarfs that I know is the miniature Irish juniper, *Juniperus compressa*, which, growing half an inch or less each year, may reach, in the fullness of time, a height of 3 ft.: an erect, compact, tapered column of

A FEW PYGMY TREES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

well-weathered and well-vegetated chunk of tufa rock. It must have been over forty years ago that I planted it, a mere scrap of a grafted specimen no more than 3 ins. high and with three or perhaps four tufts of pine needles. To-day it stands—or rather, leans upwards and outwards—to a height of roughly a foot-and-three-quarters, and with a maximum spread of some 30 ins., with its rugged little old trunk zigzagging sturdily up, and fortunately it is so pleasantly open in habit that the trunk and main branches are clearly visible through the foliage. I am hoping that in perhaps another forty or so years the main trunk of my pygmy Scots pine will assume the fine, ruddy tinge which is so attractive and characteristic of normal full-grown Scots pines.

Three years ago my *beauvronensis* gave me a terrible fright. Its foliage took on a sickly yellowish tinge to such a degree that I feared that it might be sickening for death. However, a conclave of specialists suggested that it might be suffering from starvation, together with boredom with the soil in which it had grown for so many years. I decided, therefore, to give the tree a feed of light, nourishing invalid diet. The chunk of tufa, which filled about half the trough's capacity, was carefully prised out and a generous sprinkling of a confection containing turfy loam, peat, leaf-mould, silver sand and bonemeal was spread around. Then the tufa was replaced. The response was immediate and as magical as anything that was ever claimed for any patent medicine. Within weeks *beauvronensis* was green and prosperous, "supremely contented, and happy, and satisfied, no wish denied," and the little tree has never had a day's illness since.

Perhaps the choicest and most beautiful of all dwarf shrubs for the rock garden, or for the sink garden, is *Daphne rupestris grandiflora*. A very slow grower, it gradually builds

sumptuous flowers have a powerful and most delicious scent. But when I say that this tiny wonder-shrub is a very, very slow grower it will be realised—I hope—that the site which it is to occupy in the rock garden must be most carefully chosen. It is useless putting it among campanulas and plants of such stature that, if they do not actually smother the little daphne, they will put it completely out of scale. The best plan is to prepare a special nook for it—a nook which is surrounded by bigish rocks, so that no other plant can encroach and smother. If it is a sink or trough rock garden a good plan is to plant the daphne right at the very edge of the sink's side, or bang in one corner, and then protect it from behind with a big sunken rock or two. *Daphne rupestris grandiflora* is a good example or illustration of a thing which I have long preached—that the smallest Alpines should be grown among the largest rocks. A wallflower or an antirrhinum growing in a crevice on the face of some great castle wall benefits by having no neighbours competing for elbow-room or for admiration.

A pygmy tree whose acquaintance I have made quite recently is a dwarf species of sorbus, and in general effect it is very like a mountain ash, *Sorbus aucuparia*, in reduced circumstances. Can that account for its name, *Sorbus reducta*? I have only seen young specimens, in leaf. My own two came to me a few months ago and are about 6 ins. high. The eventual height is given



"ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE NATURAL DWARFS THAT I KNOW": *JUNIPERUS COMMUNIS*, VAR. *COMPRESSA*, A SPECIMEN NEARLY TWENTY YEARS OLD. IN THE FOREGROUND, THE FLOWERS OF *FRITILLARIA* "PURPLE KING."

blue-grey-green. It occurred originally, I feel very sure, as a sport on a specimen of the Irish juniper, *Juniperus hibernica*, and was propagated by means of cuttings. At my nursery at Stevenage I made a speciality of this little tree, and at one time had as many as a thousand specimens, large and small, all grown in pots. It is one of the best of all dwarf trees for the rock garden and for stone sinks or trough gardens. What makes me think that it originated as a sport of the Irish juniper is that occasionally a typical specimen will sport back, as it were, sending up a branch exactly like the ordinary Irish juniper, which will run up vigorously, whilst the main part of the tree remains unaltered.

Another delightful pygmy conifer, which is particularly valuable for planting on the rock garden, is a slow-growing form of the Scots pine, *Pinus sylvestris*, known as *P. s. beauvronensis*, so named because it originated in Messrs. Transon's nursery at Beauvron, near Orleans. Although cuttings of this dwarf may be struck, the operation is difficult, so that the usual way of propagating it is by grafting upon young seedlings of the ordinary Scots pine, *Pinus sylvestris*. I have a specimen of *beauvronensis* growing in an ancient stone trough, in which sits a

itself into a dense mound of glossy evergreen foliage, and then in late May or early June the plant becomes entirely obscured under a close smother of big, pink, waxy blossoms which often sit so close together that not a leaf is to be seen. And these



"ANOTHER DELIGHTFUL PYGMY CONIFER": A SLOW-GROWING FORM OF THE SCOTS PINE, *PINUS SYLVESTRIS*, VAR. *BEAUVRONENSIS*.

Photographs by D. F. Merrett.

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the events and personalities of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

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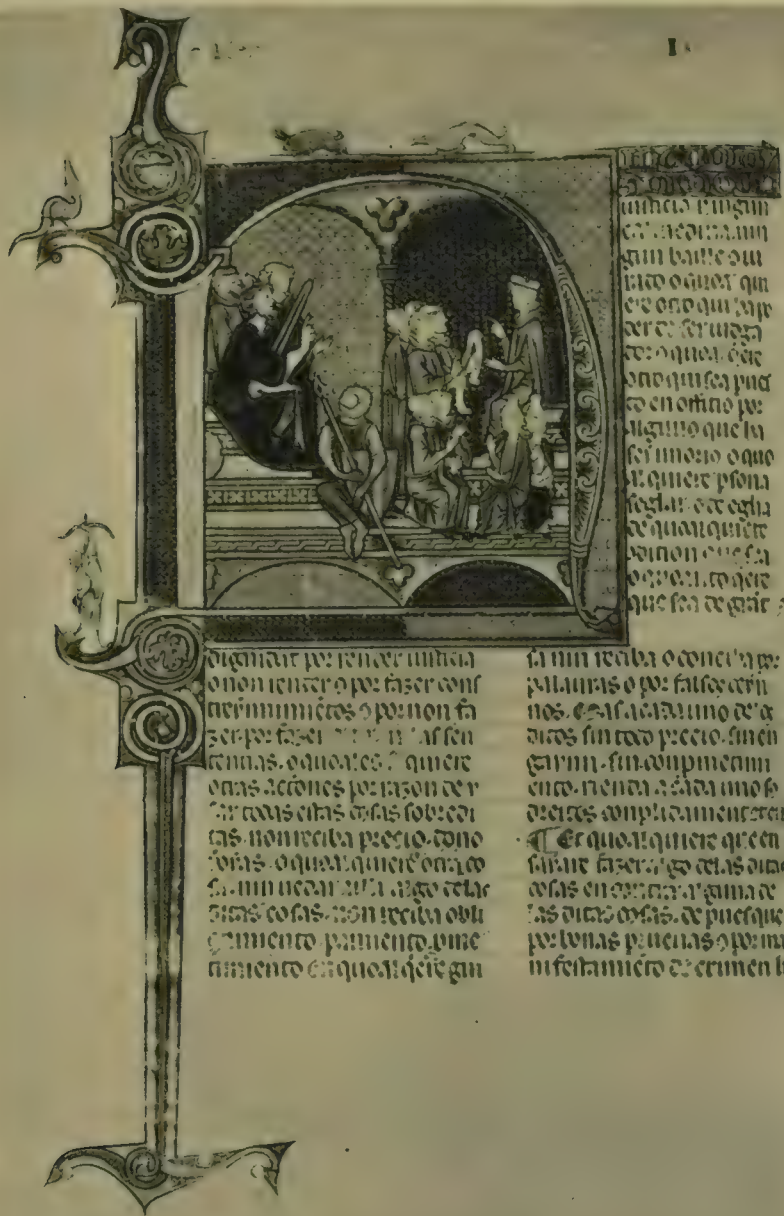
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as about 2 ft. The pinnate leaves are very like those of the rowan or mountain ash, and quite early in autumn they changed from green to brilliant red. I gather that the flowers are white, and are followed by crimson berries. It is a native of western China and Burma. For some reason which I can not explain—just plain hunch perhaps—I feel that *Sorbus reducta* is going to prove a most attractive and valuable pygmy tree for the rock garden.

But there is another species, *Sorbus pygmaea*, from Burma, Tibet and Yunnan, which sounds as though it might be even more attractive than *S. reducta*. Its height is given as up to 12 ins., its flowers pale rose to crimson and its berries white. Without doubt I must go into the question of whether I can come by a specimen of this pygmy paragon of a sorbus by any means short of going out to fetch it from Burma, Tibet or Yunnan.

AT AUCTION IN LONDON: THE DYSON PERRINS ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS.



A SUPERBLY-DECORATED INITIAL ON A PAGE OF THE VIDAL MAYOR, A FAMOUS LATE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY ARAGONESE MANUSCRIPT OF THE LAWS OF ARAGON, WRITTEN BY MICHAEL LUPI OF ZANDIO. THERE ARE NUMEROUS HISTORIATED INITIALS. (Page size : 14½ by 9½ ins.)



THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN AND OTHER SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF CHRIST: A MINIATURE FROM A LATE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY "HOURS OF THE VIRGIN" (USE OF ROME), WITH CALENDAR, FROM BRUGES. (Page size : 7½ by 5½ ins.)



"THE ANNUNCIATION": ONE OF THE NUMEROUS MINIATURES IN THE BOOK OF HOURS AND PSALTER OF HENRY BEAUCHAMP, DUKE OF WARWICK—AN OUTSTANDING ENGLISH MANUSCRIPT OF THE FIRST HALF OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. (Page size : 10½ by 7½ ins.)

PART I of the Dyson Perrins Collection—consisting of forty-five outstanding illuminated manuscripts, a block book and four printed books—is to be sold at Messrs. Sotheby's, 34 and 35, Old Bond Street, on Dec. 9. The late C. W. Dyson Perrins, who died in January at the age of ninety-three, was one of the foremost English collectors of manuscripts. He bequeathed some 150 works from his collection to the British Museum; yet those that remain are of exceptional interest and comprise the most important group of illuminated manuscripts to have been sold at auction for many years. The manuscripts, four of which are illustrated here, range in date from an early ninth-century Gospel Lectionary from north-west France to G. M. Woodward's "Coffee House Characters," an English manuscript of about 1808. Outstanding among the French manuscripts is a Bestiary of the second half of the thirteenth century. There is a late fourteenth-century Florentine manuscript of Dante's "The Divine Comedy."



"THE CRUCIFIXION": A MINIATURE FROM THE MASS FOR THE FEAST OF THE EPIPHANY—A ROMAN MANUSCRIPT WRITTEN IN ABOUT 1521 FOR CARDINAL BERNARDINO DE CARVAJAL, WHO IS SEEN KNEELING IN THE LOWER PANEL. (Page size : 17½ by 12½ ins.)



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



ERASMUS DARWIN was of the opinion that a consciousness of danger from mankind is much more apparent in rooks than in most other birds. So this idea is at least 150 years old, and is still going strong to-day. It was expressed in the following terms by one of Darwin's less well-known contemporaries: "Anyone who has in the least attended to them, will see that they evidently distinguish that the danger is greater when a man is armed with a gun than when he has no weapon in his hands. In the spring of the year, if a person happens to walk under a rookery

ROOKS' FEAR OF A GUN.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

of a familiar person. For example, all members of the crow family are upset if one walks past holding a piece of black cloth. It has been suggested that jackdaws and rooks are upset in this way because the black cloth is reminiscent of the dead body of one of their fellows. My experience is that jays, which are themselves brightly coloured, with only slight traces of black in the plumage, are equally upset.

As to the association of a well-known person, I always like to give the following example. All the birds mentioned are more familiar with my daughter than with me. They are also much tamer with her and fully at ease with her. Most of her time she goes about the garden in working clothes, but there are occasions when she puts on more respectable clothes and goes down the drive and out through the gate. One of the costumes she adopts on these social occasions includes a black skirt. At all other times, she can pass and re-pass the aviaries, enter and leave them, and there

From an ornithological point of view, the event was spectacular; but doubtless the agriculturist would describe it in different terms. We had stopped the car, and from being interested in a general way, we began to notice the individual behaviour of the birds. On the stack they were clustered, but they were spread out on the fields and trees surrounding the stack. Moreover, each bird having secured a stalk of corn would fly to a particular place to devour the grain. Having done so, it would return to the stack for another stalk, flying back to the same spot again to eat it.

We became especially interested in one rook, that repeatedly flew to a branch on a tree almost over our heads. On arriving back in the tree with its cornstalk, the rook went through the same routine each time before settling down to eat. It came back each time to the same spot on the same branch, and each time before leaving, to go to the stack for more corn, it would caw loudly in a particular way. We watched it do this a dozen times, with the most surprising regularity in all its actions. Then, when we turned our attention to other individual birds, it was clear that the same thing was happening all around.

Our original intention in stopping was to get a photograph of the stack with its heavy covering of birds, but our attention was caught by the events described. In the meantime, heavy and cumbersome lorries were thundering by on the road, but the birds took no notice of them, or of us at the side of the road. Film shots were taken



A SINGLE ROOK WHICH BROUGHT ITS WHEAT-STALK TO A PARTICULAR SPOT ON A TREE EVERY TIME TO EAT ITS WHEAT GRAINS.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

with a gun in his hand, the inhabitants of the trees rise on their wings, and scream to the unfledged young to shrink into their nests from the sight of the enemy. The country-people, observing this circumstance so uniformly to occur, assert that rooks can smell gunpowder."

I was discussing this point, several years ago, with one of our leading ornithologists, when he drily remarked: "They do just the same if you carry a broomstick over your shoulder." Unfortunately, I have never remembered to take a broomstick with me when going near a rookery, so cannot vouch for the truth of his remark. But I am prepared to take it on trust.

In my garden there are aviaries containing rooks, crows, jackdaws, jays and magpies, all members of the crow family. It is practically impossible to do any serious gardening except in the remote corners, well away from the nearest aviary. To use a hoe or a broom anywhere near one of the aviaries sets the occupants flying violently up, and from one side of the aviary to another, frantically seeking to escape into the free air above. The panic is infectious, and before long all the birds in every aviary, whether or no they can see the obliquely held handle of the hoe or broom, go into a "flap." It is not possible to carry a ladder, a post, or any other similar object, anywhere near an aviary, without causing a universal "flap," and, incidentally, the most sensitive of all the birds are the jays.

During my first experiences of these panic moments, when I realised what was happening, I would hide the offending object and go over to talk to the birds, to try soothing them, but this availed nothing. They seemed to have identified me, by association, with the offending object.

There is a marked difference between birds and mammals in this matter. Birds are very much, at the mercy of deep-seated reactions, the adverse effect of which cannot be offset by the presence



A WHEAT-STACK WHICH WAS BLACK WITH ROOKS UNTIL A LORRY WENT BY WITH A GIRDER POINTING UPWARDS LIKE A GUN. THE WHEAT-STACK IS PITTED WITH HOLES WHERE THE BIRDS HAVE BEEN TAKING STRAWS.

is not the slightest sign of a flutter out of the ordinary. As soon as she leaves the house wearing a black skirt, all the members of the crow family scream and scold in chorus, and continue to do so until she is out of sight. She may speak to them to quieten them, but it is useless. Familiarity with her as a person does not offset the birds' deep-seated reaction to a black cloth. Mammals show more discrimination.

As to the rook's reaction to a gun, or a broomstick, there came by chance an illuminating test, last winter. We were motoring through Sussex when we passed a wheat-stack in a field, about 100 yards from the main road. The top of the stack was black with rooks and jackdaws. They were busy pulling out the stalks of corn. One after another, having pulled one free, would fly down to the field or over to a tree, and would there peck all the grains out of the ear of corn, later returning to the stack for more. There was, therefore, a constant coming and going of birds, and in large numbers. At times a group would fly off, but their departure would be followed by another flock coming in from another direction.

of the congregation of the birds on the stack and of individual birds. Still photographs were also taken of the individual birds. It was our intention finally to go into the field, approach the stack more closely to get close-up photographs of the spectacular gathering on it, which we estimated must have consisted at times of no fewer than 200 rooks and jackdaws, together with some starlings and sparrows.

With the camera ready, we were about to climb over the gate to approach the stack, but before we could make a move another lorry came by. All the birds flew up in an excited, frantic "flap." This lorry differed from all the others in one respect only, it had a large girder on it which pointed obliquely to the skies at an angle of about 45 degs. Presumably, to the birds it was the equivalent of a gun being held up—or a broomstick. At all events, they flew up in a mass, which broke up into groups as the birds rapidly flew off in different directions. We waited for a while and a few came back, but as time was now well advanced, it was necessary for us to depart, thereby missing a spectacular picture.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: SOME PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



A RHODESIAN GENERAL ELECTION VICTORY:
SIR ROY WELENSKY.

Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister and Minister of External Affairs and Defence of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland since 1956, is leader of the United Federal Party which won an overwhelming victory in the Federation's recent General Election. His party is pledged to seek Dominion status and is associated with progressive partnership with the Africans, who greatly outnumber Europeans in the Federation. Only 692 Africans registered to vote in the election.



AN UNTIMELY DEATH:
MR. TYRONE POWER, THE ACTOR.

Mr. Tyrone Power, the screen and stage actor, died suddenly of a heart attack in Madrid on November 15, during a rehearsal for the film "Solomon and Sheba." He came of a notable theatrical family, his grandfather being an Irish comedian, and before World War II took part in a number of outstanding spectacular films. After the war, in which he served with the U.S. Marines, he played more serious rôles and gave successful stage performances in London and New York.



A NOTED COMIC ACTOR DIES:
MR. RONALD SQUIRE.

Mr. Ronald Squire, who was both actor and theatrical manager, died at the age of seventy-two on November 16. He was a highly accomplished comic actor, and his taking part in a play had for a long time been regarded as a sure sign that good entertainment would be provided during the performance. Educated at Wellington, he later spent some years as a journalist, playing his first professional part on the stage in 1909 and taking up theatrical producing in 1928.



AWARDED THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE:
FATHER GEORGES PIRE.

On November 10 the Nobel Committee of the Norwegian Storting awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for 1958, worth about £14,800, to Father Georges Pire, of Belgium. After World War II, in which he gave outstanding service with the resistance movement, he started his present work, setting up homes in "European villages" for elderly refugees, enabling them to leave their camps. His prize is to be devoted to his sixth "village," to be named after Anne Frank, the Dutch Jewish girl who died at Belsen.



AN AWARD FOR A MAJOR CONTRIBUTION TO AUTOMOTIVE TRANSPORT: SIR V. FUCHS (RIGHT) RECEIVING THE R.A.C. DIAMOND JUBILEE TROPHY FROM LORD MOUNTBATTEN.

The Royal Automobile Club's Diamond Jubilee Trophy for a major contribution to automotive transport was presented to Sir Vivian Fuchs and eleven of his colleagues in London on November 10. The presentation was made by Lord Mountbatten of Burma, who is President of the R.A.C. Lord Mountbatten recalled how the *Weasel*, one of the snow vehicles used by Sir Vivian Fuchs in the Antarctic, had been the result of wartime planning.



THE ST. NINIAN'S TREASURE: THE EXCAVATOR AND THOSE WHO HAVE WORKED ON IT. (L. TO R.) PROF. O'DELL, MR. R. M. ORGAN, MR. D. M. WILSON AND PROF. PLENDERLEITH.

Elsewhere in this issue, we record the discovery that the St. Ninian's Treasure from Shetland has been found to be silver and not bronze. This treasure was found in July this year by Prof. A. C. O'Dell, and his team. It has been studied by Mr. Wilson, of the British and Medieval Department, and cleaned and conserved by Mr. Organ under the direction of Dr. Plenderleith, Keeper of the British Museum's world-famous laboratory.



THE LABOUR PARTY HOLD PONTYPOOL:
MR. L. ABSE, LABOUR CANDIDATE.

In the by-election at Pontypool, South Wales, caused by the elevation to a life peerage of Mr. D. G. West, the Labour Member, Mr. Leo Abse held the seat for the Labour Party, with a majority of 13,727. In the General Election, Mr. West had a majority of 16,572. The Conservative candidate received 6273 votes, and the Welsh Nationalist candidate, who lost his deposit, 2927 votes. Mr. Abse, who is 41, is a Cardiff solicitor. Three further by-elections were due to be held.



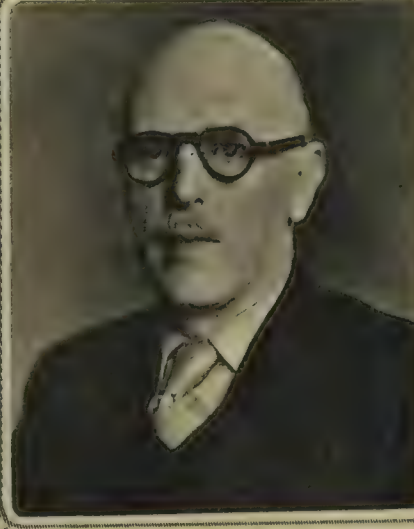
SENTENCED TO DEATH: DR. FADHIL JAMALI, FORMER PREMIER OF IRAQ.

Dr. Fadhil Jamali, who was a Prime Minister of Iraq during the former régime and who was widely respected as the representative at the United Nations of the former Prime Minister, Nuri al Said, was sentenced to death by a special high military court in Baghdad on November 10. He was found guilty of conspiracy against Syria's sovereignty. The former Chief of Staff of the Army and Deputy Chief of Staff were also sentenced to death. This followed the arrest of the recent Deputy Premier.



TO BE CREATED A CARDINAL:
THE ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

On November 17 it was reported that Pope John XXIII had announced that he will hold a Consistory in December for the creation of twenty-three new Cardinals. Among those to be created Cardinal is the Most Reverend William Godfrey, Archbishop of Westminster since 1956. Born in 1889, he was educated at Ushaw College, Durham, and in Rome, where he took his Doctor's Degree in Philosophy in 1913. He was ordained in 1916 and was previously Archbishop of Liverpool.



A BRITISH MUSEUM RESIGNATION:
SIR THOMAS KENDRICK.

Sir Thomas Kendrick, Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum since 1950, will be retiring at the end of January next year. He joined the museum staff in 1922, and from 1938 was Keeper of the Department of British Antiquities. Born in 1895, he is an Honorary Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and a Life Trustee of Sir John Soane's Museum. He received his knighthood in 1951, and is a Foreign Member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Letters, History and Antiquities.

FROM FLEXIBLE TANKS TO WOMEN IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE: HOME NEWS.



HOW TO CARRY LIQUIDS BY ROAD: A NEWLY-DEVELOPED TYPE OF FLEXIBLE CONTAINER, WHICH CAN BE ROLLED UP WHEN EMPTY ON THE RETURN JOURNEY. Recent experiments in "flexible barges" lead naturally to the use of flexible tanks; and we show here a "Portolite" tank developed by an I.C.I. subsidiary for the storage and road carriage of a wide variety of fluids. It is made of coated fabric, and can be rolled up, when empty.



SIGNED BY HUNDREDS OF WORKERS—FROM THE CHAIRMAN TO AN OFFICE BOY: THE 100,000TH BRITISH-BUILT FORD VEHICLE TO BE EXPORTED TO THE U.S. BEING LOADED IN THE LINER QUEEN ELIZABETH ON NOVEMBER 13.



A GUARDSMAN DEMONSTRATING THE TYPE OF ARMoured NYLON VEST WORN BY SOME TROOPS IN CYPRUS.

It was learnt on November 14 that armoured vests made of nylon fabric are used by the forces in Cyprus on special occasions. They are similar to those worn by U.S. troops in Korea and give protection against shell, mortar and grenade fragments and some protection against small arms fire. They can be worn under battledress but are rather bulky and hot in warm climates.



THE ARMoured NYLON VEST OPENED TO SHOW THE INTERIOR. IT WEIGHS 8½ LB. AND IS "RATHER BULKY."



ROAST MUTTON 108 YEARS OLD: A CANISTER WHICH IS TO BE OPENED FOR INVESTIGATION.

This canister, supplied by William and Thomas Cooper of Leadenhall Street, was part of the provisions of the schooner *Felix* when she sailed in 1850 in an attempt to find Sir John Franklin. The canister of roast mutton weighs 4 lb. 13 oz., and the contents are being scientifically investigated.



HAND-PAINTED WALLPAPER FROM CHINA—A TRADE NOW RESUMED FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE BEFORE THE WAR—SEEN IN A MAGNOLIA TREE EXAMPLE.

These wallpapers, which are designed in sets of eighteen panels measuring about 10 ft. by 3 ft. 4 ins. and costing about 9 guineas a panel, are painted by students in Pekin and Tientsin—and have no repeats. This example was seen at Sanderson's, in Berners Street, W.1.



WOMEN INVADE THE STOCK EXCHANGE—AS GUIDES. ONE OF THE THREE NEW WOMEN GUIDES (WITH MICROPHONE) APPOINTED TO THE VISITORS' GALLERY: MISS JOAN CRESSALL. The Stock Exchange—a very male stronghold—has recently appointed Miss Joan Cressall, Miss Mary Crook and Miss Gillian Evans as their first olive-green-uniformed guides to the Visitors' Gallery; and they began work on November 11, after five weeks' training.

THE CHANGING FACE OF LONDON: AERIAL VIEWS OF FIVE RE-HOUSING SCHEMES.



COMPLETED IN JULY 1957: THE LOUGHBOROUGH ESTATE, LAMBETH—AN L.C.C. SCHEME WHERE 3650 PEOPLE ARE HOUSED IN 1031 DWELLINGS ON 30.86 ACRES.



ALONGSIDE THE RIVER THAMES: CHURCHILL GARDENS—PART OF WESTMINSTER CITY COUNCIL'S LARGE PIMLICO ESTATE—BEING BUILT TO THE PRIZE-WINNING DESIGN OF MESSRS. POWELL AND MOYA. WORK HAS BEEN IN PROGRESS SINCE 1948.



PROVIDING 1867 DWELLINGS IN AN AREA OF 100 ACRES: THE L.C.C.'S ROEHAMPTON ESTATE, WHERE WORK STARTED IN DECEMBER 1954, AND IS STILL IN PROGRESS.



BUILT IN EDGWARE BY HENDON BOROUGH COUNCIL: THE SPUR ROAD ESTATE, WHICH WAS OPENED BY THE QUEEN MOTHER IN JUNE, HAVING BEEN BUILT IN JUST OVER TWO YEARS.



COSTING APPROXIMATELY £1,700,000: THE L.C.C.'S ELMINGTON ESTATE, PICTON STREET, CAMBERWELL, WHERE 682 DWELLINGS WILL BE PROVIDED.

The task of housing London's vast population of over 8,000,000—which has only recently been surpassed by that of Tokyo as the largest city population in the world—has been energetically tackled by the London County Council and other local authorities over the last ten years. Big new housing estates have sprung up in many areas, thus changing the face of London. The Spur Road Estate, which houses approximately 1350 people in 352 flats, was completed in a little over two years. The river-side Pimlico Estate, on the other

hand, was started in 1948 and is still in the course of construction. Here 5500 people will ultimately be housed at a cost exceeding £5,000,000. The three L.C.C. estates shown here were all initially planned by Professor Sir Leslie Martin, and all include several eleven-storey blocks of flats, while the Roehampton scheme also has 15 twelve-storey blocks. The 100-acre Roehampton Estate has a density of 28 dwellings to the acre, while there are 38.2 to the acre in the Loughborough Estate, and 38 to the acre on the Picton Street scheme.

Aerial photographs by John Holden.

MAN MEETS BIRD IN A SWISS ALPINE



SUPPORTED BY A ROPE TACKLE OF HIS OWN INVENTION, JÜSY DRAWS ON A PAIR OF PROTECTIVE GLOVES BEFORE ATTEMPTING TO APPROACH THE EAGLE.



HAVING AGAIN CALMED THE YOUNG EAGLE, JÜSY COOLLY CLIMBS RIGHT INTO THE EYRIE WITH THE AID OF HIS 6-FT.-LONG GRAPPLING POLE.



SLOWLY LOWERING HIMSELF DOWN THE PRECIPITOUS ROCKFACE: ADOLF JÜSY, WELL-KNOWN CLIMBER AND GAMEKEEPER, NEARS THE EAGLES' NEST.



A DIFFICULT MOMENT: THOUGH PREVIOUSLY CALMED BY SOOTHING WORDS, THE EAGLET PREPARES TO ATTACK JÜSY AS HE STARTS TO ENTER THE NEST.

"A pair of eagles is nesting on the Königsburg I." The news spread like wildfire through the Untertal valley, for even in the Swiss Alps the "King of Birds" is now a great rarity. But the mighty birds had chosen a subtle nesting place, for the over 600-ft.-high rockface of the Königsburg,

in the Melchtal, had never been climbed, and local enthusiasts failed to get anywhere near the nest, in which a single eaglet was fast growing to its full size. News of the nest reached Adolf Jüsy, the well-known thirty-eight-year-old Swiss guide and gamekeeper, who is a specialist in the ringing and

Photographs by Albert Winkler, Bern; and

ADVENTURE: RINGING AN EAGLET IN HIS EYRIE ON AN INACCESSIBLE ROCKFACE.



THE EAGLET TRIES TO FLY AWAY, BUT JÜSY GRIPS IT FIRMLY BY THE LEGS AS HE SITS PRECARIOUSLY ON THE EDGE OF THE NEST.



WHILE THE YOUNG EAGLE TURNS HIS BACK ON THE HUMAN VISITOR, JÜSY INSPECTS THE CONTENTS OF THE HUGE NEST—WHICH INCLUDED A FRESH MARMOT.

care of eagles, and is, in fact, known as the "Adlervater" (eagle father). Undaunted by the overhanging rockface, Jüsy prepared his special nylon rope tackle—an arrangement of his own invention by which he can lower himself on one rope with the aid of movable clamps, and can climb up again without

information from Paul W. Bonnot, Bern.



HAVING AGAIN QUIETENED THE EAGLET, JÜSY TAKES OUT HIS SPECIAL PLIERS IN ORDER TO RING THE YOUNG BIRD—A COMPLETELY PAINLESS PROCEDURE.



A PHOTOGRAPH AS UNEXPECTED AS IT IS RARE: THE EAGLET, NOW USED TO HIS VISITOR, ALLOWS JÜSY TO STROKE HIM AS HE SITS BESIDE HIM IN THE NEST.

any other help. These photographs dramatically illustrate Adolf Jüsy's "impossible" climb down to the huge eyrie, and his progress in calming the eaglet, entering its nest, ringing the bird and finally sitting with it in the nest, an accepted though probably still somewhat unwanted human visitor.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

ENTER PLAYERS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THERE is a First Folio direction in "Hamlet," "Enter foure or five Players." This week I have been thinking more about the players than the plays, though I had better record at once that Jeremy Kingston has written as telling a first act as we remember from any new dramatist lately, and that Warren

anxious, is infallibly the actress for the part. She arrives almost as if she were picking her way, barefooted, among broken glass and tin-tacks. When she sits down, there is just a suspicion, no more, that the air is not what it ought to be. Her nose is faintly wrinkled, the brow just slightly creased, the genteel benevolence a little edged with doubt.

behaving generally as people are expected to behave—agreed, the vodka is new—in any semi-music-hall revel. This is described as "a farcical romp," and—if it is about anything at all—it concerns the arrival of two Russians on a trade delegation to Bacup. At the end some Eskimos arrive (another delegation); that is the kind of plan one can extend indefinitely.

This is not so much a play as a web of slap-happy jokes. At the end of it all I was getting tired of the "dry humour" of the hen-pecked Lancastrian, the reeling, writhing, and fainting in coils of a gormless young man from Manchester, and the no-nonsense tactics of Mum. I don't think, indeed, that it would have ground from me more than a few token laughs on a summer night by the seaside. But I did like Valentine Dyall's impressive Russian, silent beside a tea-tray in Bacup. Almost I believed in him, and that, goodness knows, was a feat.

I have always believed in the people of "Alice in Wonderland," from the Lory to the Baby, from the Frog Footman to the Playing Cards. That is why it has been so pleasant to hear the two L.P. records of "Alice" (Argo Record Company; 41s. 8½d. each) made under the direction of Douglas Cleverdon. He has not tampered with the text: he has let it flow on as the story flowed that summer day on the Thames. All the characters, Caterpillar, Mad Hatter, Dormouse, Cheshire Cat (who, as Deryck Guyler views him, is clearly from Liverpool), and the rest of them, rise for us in sound, with Jane Asher's Alice to weave her way



A SCENE FROM THE COMEDY "NO CONCERN OF MINE," BY JEREMY KINGSTON, WHICH OPENED AT THE WESTMINSTER THEATRE ON NOVEMBER 6: JACKY DURRANT (JUDITH STOTT) AND LEE DURRANT (JOHN FRASER)—TWO MEMBERS OF THE BOHEMIAN YOUNGER GENERATION WHO SHARE A BAYSWATER BASEMENT FLAT—WITH MRS. LAWRENCE (LALLY BOWERS), THEIR GENTEEL AUNT, WHO IS VISITING THEM.

Chetham-Strode has proved how a technician can adapt a novel without appearing to use an axe.

Mr. Kingston's play, at the Westminster, is called "No Concern of Mine." Its scene is a basement in Bayswater, a one-room flat that three young people share, and a good many others, in the correct Bohemian tradition, seem to use. Mr. Kingston's first act makes the place so real, and the life so probable, that I may find myself roaming round Bayswater and looking down the areas in an attempt to spot the room. The young people are pleasant because they do not attempt to blame their parents, the State, and the world in general for having got them into Bayswater and into a basement. A charming personage in a comedy that has not yet reached London, observes at one point that he can never be a success because he hardly resents anything at all, and what can be less contemporary than that? In the same way, I doubt whether in some circles Mr. Kingston's characters will be accepted as contemporary: theirs is the wrong brand of rebellion.

Alas, when the dramatist hunts for a plot, after about an act and a half of excellent play-writing—a true document, I imagine, of the "underground" in Bayswater—his comedy suddenly breaks up. The rest is a thing of theatrical routine. Until then it has had the proper feeling and the proper pounce. But I am not keeping my promise, which was to write of players rather than play. The younger people in "No Concern of Mine"—in particular, Judith Stott, Alan Dobie, and Jeremy Burnham, are capital—will forgive me if I speak of their elder, Lally Bowers, as Auntie.

Aunt Lily, up from the country, is (I feel) a close friend of the Aunt Edna created by Terence Rattigan, and probably stays with her in London. She is gently inquisitive, anxious to please, but firm in her knowledge of what is right and what is not. (She would have understood what they meant in "Q's" "Troy Town" by that mysterious word, "cumeelfo.") So Auntie visits the Bayswater basement on a mission, to see for herself just how her dear niece and nephew are facing the dark perils of Town. Miss Bowers, poised yet

the play, though acting continued to be in the mood, and the director, Adrian Brown, had inventively guided and patterned the whole affair.

Warren Chetham-Strode's "The Stepmother" (St. Martin's) is a version of a novel by R. C. Hutchinson. Adaptation is sometimes unwisely scorned: it can be a very difficult craft. To take "The Stepmother" apart, and to put it together again, is an exercise that might benefit many novices. This is a thoroughly honest piece of selection and arrangement, though again I think of the company, and especially of Kate Reid and Maggie Smith. Miss Reid, a Canadian actress, is a second wife who finds that the memory of her strong-willed predecessor haunts the family. It is not just the "Rebecca" theme: the characters are human and reasonable in their own right. Throughout, Miss Reid acts with an unexpectedly quiet strength that always bears the part forward. Maggie Smith, whom we have thought of as a revue actress, offers now an unflinchingly sharp, clear pen-sketch of a young widow whose intended second marriage is uncommonly strange: for the sake of the author I cannot go further than that. Both Miss Smith and Miss Reid have inner lives; they do not just quiver hopefully round a character and wait for a miracle.

I cannot say that the people of Austin Steele's "Friends and Neighbours" (Victoria Palace) quiver. They know what they propose to do, and they do it—such little matters as hitting each other with celery and margarine, tossing round vodka, and

through them, and Margaretta Scott to record the story with the warmth of tone she can always command. I am reminded of the Mad Tea-party dialogue. "Have some wine," the March Hare said. "I don't see any wine," said Alice. "There isn't any," said the March Hare. Alice replied: "Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it." Here there is no lack. Carroll and Cleverdon, joint partners, pour the wine bountifully: it is an occasion for players and for play.



VERE DANE (MAGGIE SMITH; LEFT), CATHERINE ASHLAND (KATE REID) AND HER STEPSON, STEPHEN ASHLAND (TIM SEELY), IN A SCENE FROM "THE STEPMOTHER." DESCRIBED BY MR. TREWIN AS "A THOROUGHLY HONEST PIECE OF SELECTION AND ARRANGEMENT," WARREN CHETHAM-STRODE'S PLAY IS BASED ON A NOVEL BY R. C. HUTCHINSON AND OPENED AT ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE ON NOVEMBER 5.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"HOOK, LINE, AND SINKER" (Piccadilly).—Robert Morley and Joan Plowright in Mr. Morley's version of a Roussin comedy. (November 19.)



A HAPPY EVENT AT WHIPSNADE: THE BRAZILIAN TAPIR, BORN AT THE ZOO RECENTLY, WITH HER MOTHER.

A happy and historic event took place at Whipsnade Zoo, in Bedfordshire, on November 6. Jill, a Brazilian tapir, gave birth to a small, stripy and spotted daughter, who was the first of this species to be born at the Zoo. Above, mother and daughter are seen walking contentedly round their paddock together.

FROM A BABY TAPIR TO AN AIR SAFETY DEVICE: A MISCELLANY OF HOME NEWS.



AT LONDON ZOO: CORPORAL KAMANSING LINBU, 1/7 GURKHA RIFLES, FEEDING THE TIGER HE CAUGHT IN MALAYA WHEN IT WAS A YOUNGSTER.

Corporal Kamansing Linbu, 1/7 Gurkha Rifles, visited the London Zoo recently to feed a chunk of meat to a tiger which he taught during a patrol in Malaya. The 1/7 Gurkha Rifles cared for the baby tiger for six months and then presented it to the Zoo. Corporal Linbu was on an educational course in England at the time of his re-union with the tiger.



A PUBLIC SLIMMING TRIAL: ELEVEN PEOPLE, INTRODUCED TO WATCHERS OF THE B.B.C. TELEVISION PROGRAMME "MAINLY FOR WOMEN," WHOSE PROGRESS UNDER A MEDICAL SLIMMING COURSE WILL BE REPORTED IN THE PROGRAMME FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS.



STARTING THEIR JOURNEY TO CYPRUS: THE FIRST GROUP OF VOLUNTEERS TO REPLACE 1200 GREEK-CYPRIO N.A.A.F.I. WORKERS.

The first volunteers to replace 1200 Greek-Cypriot N.A.A.F.I. workers in Cyprus left Blackbushe Airport, Hampshire, for Nicosia on November 16. The dismissal of the Greek-Cypriots followed a terrorist act in a N.A.A.F.I. canteen, and some 17,000 applications were received following an appeal for a minimum of 500 volunteers to replace the dismissed workers.



AN OLD CUSTOM OBSERVED AT FENNY STRATFORD, BUCKS: FIRING THE "FENNY POPPERS" OUTSIDE ST. MARTIN'S PARISH CHURCH.

An old St. Martin's Day custom was observed on November 11 when "Fenny Poppers" were exploded outside St. Martin's Parish Church at Fenny Stratford. The origins of the eighteenth-century custom, in which gunpowder in iron receptacles is detonated with the aid of a long rod, are unknown.



AT THE AIR MINISTRY, LONDON: FLT. SGT. F. G. JOHNS, AWARDED THE L. G. GROVES MEMORIAL PRIZE, DEMONSTRATES HIS SAFETY INVENTION.

On November 14 Flt. Sgt. F. G. Johns received the L. G. Groves Memorial Prize for 1958 for his invention of the "jet clock," which serves as an automatic memory for flying controllers. With him above are Major and Mrs. K. Groves, who instituted the award after their son's death in a flying accident.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THIS week brings us perhaps the strangest novel, in its origin, ever published; and it would certainly get and deserve a hearing on that alone. One must want to see what came of a collaboration between two strangers, in a language foreign to both, while they were in a manner buried alive. "Angry Harvest," by Hermann Field and Stanislaw Mierzenski (Gollancz; 16s.), is the offspring of an American architect and a Polish journalist. They planned it chapter by chapter of an evening, lying on their straw in the cellar of a Polish interrogation centre; next day the Pole would narrate the fresh bit in German, pacing their cell, while the American hurriedly got it down in English. Then he would revise it and read it back to his partner in German. And his notebooks were regularly confiscated by the guard as he filled them up. This contemporary drama had for once a thoroughly happy ending: not only the release of both men, but the appearance of their work in Polish as well as English.

And perhaps the strangest thing is that it could do without the preamble: that it is so remarkable on its merits. And so detached. True, it has the kind of subject you might expect: it is about persecution and despair, about being buried alive, about the abyss of human selfishness. But all transmuted. The scene is a little village in Poland under Nazi rule. Leon Wolny, the farmer, is among its men of standing: to his great pride, for he was once pantry-boy in the long-ago Big House. Now he is helping to support his old mistress. And intent on getting rich; he has resigned his local offices since the war, ostensibly as a patriot, really from caution. At forty-five, he is a quiet, solid-looking man, celibate and prim, worried about the neighbours—and good, he thinks. Even before the start, his moral aura is very lowering, profoundly uncomfortable; so plainly, he could never stand any test. . . . And now it comes, in the form of a hunted Jewish girl. Leon shelters her for the night, almost in pure kindness. Next day she is ill. So he has to go on hiding her—and is soon pleading for her hand, offering all his money, courting her in tears. To Rosa, with her superior breeding and education, he seems a good person but rather comic: quite unthinkable as a husband. She needs him, though. And from that moment they begin to change places . . . till the idol is vainly begging just to stay put, and the "good person" has turned butcher.

A dreadful story. Too slow, perhaps, in spite of the excellence and harmony of the background: but cruelly lifelike.

OTHER FICTION.

"Ballerina," by Vicki Baum (Michael Joseph; 15s.), can't begin to compete, and is, I found, difficult to start on. Unless the theme invites one as such. If not, the awakening of the ripe but brilliant Katya in her New York bed, to what will clearly be a long flashback session, punctuated by crisis in the Manhattan Ballet and the clash of home and career, must give one a sense of *déjà mangé*. So much seems to be laid down: accent on sweat and self-discipline, ingrained glamour, colourful personalities (never mind their exact shape), even the dead, Nijinsky-like, perverse genius glimpsed in the first paragraph. However, addicts won't mind; and it will be plain even to outsiders that Vicki Baum knows her stuff. I don't think she has given it new life; though when throwing in a bull-fighter—Katya's infatuation—she has the novelty to make him third-rate. On the other hand, even if starting was an effort, there is no trouble about going on. There never is, with this remarkably glittering, expert storyteller.

"The Bastard," by Brigitte von Tessin (Barrie; 21s.), is a period colossal: this time from the German. And according to one German reviewer, finding its niche "somewhere between 'Desirée' and 'Gone With the Wind'." It has, however, much more nerve and personality than I could find in "Desirée." The age is that of Louis XIV; and the Comte de Racon is a callous, lecherous feudal lord, flogging and torturing his dependants at the drop of a hat and despising all feelings but his own. In short, a monster. But with the most beautiful hands, great magnetism, and—if not exactly a good heart—a streak of "brightness." As time goes on, this is to some extent enlarged by his bastard son. But for his countess, a virtuous, estranged Huguenot, he would never have clapped eyes on the boy; and Martin, too, has to be flogged half to death by way of novitiate. But in the end they adore each other; and if the Comte is a fiend, Martin has the makings of a saint. Around their passion, an enormous drama is built. Too long, I think; but certainly vigorous.

"The Other Man," by Francis Durbridge (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), is introduced as "the novel of the famous TV serial": in which capacity I don't know it. Anyhow, a certain Rocello has been murdered on a houseboat not far from Rockingham College, and a master named David Henderson is suspected. With immense cause; indeed, the whole point of the story is to reveal him wallowing in murky business and constantly telling lies. Rather easy. But probably more exciting on TV.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

CONCERNING AN UNUSUAL MOTHER; AND THE ADVENTURES OF SAILING.

I AM never unbearably disappointed when the solemn warnings of psychiatrists are proved to be wrong. That is not, I hope, due to mere anti-scientific "Luddism," but rather to pleasure in the spectacle of a human being rising triumphantly superior to a doom predicted for him. This is the feeling which I got from reading "Mother Climbed Trees," by Cynthia Lindsay (Hamish Hamilton; 16s.). Mother did more than climb trees. She cheerfully violated every single convention of the America of her day. Here she is arriving, with her children, to spend a week-end on a friend's yacht:

Mother had on what she referred to as her "smoking outfit." It was a long, bright-green jersey coat with flowing scarf, the ends of which were pockets carrying packets of cigarettes. At that time, women did not smoke. She did. Under the coat were tight-fitting pyjama trousers; on her head was a turban, from which escaped a few red curls; six or seven gold and opal bangle bracelets jangled on her arms. She had been rushed at the last minute while getting us from our naps, so we were still in our night-gowns.

It will come as no surprise to hear that this woman was capable of sending her daughter to school dressed in "a strange jumper-like garment with straw flower embroidery on it, over a homespun blouse, high socks, and the inevitable squirrel coat. My bare knees were red with cold. My 'beautiful hair' Mother had brushed with a great deal of water into fat, sausage-like curls which were tied in bunches over each ear." That was her second school. Her first, "a great conservative school for young ladies," she attended "clad in knickers, high socks with tassels on them, brogues (Mother felt that 'little feet need lots of support'; this was, of course, before we started going bare-foot all the time 'because if God had intended us to wear shoes, we would have been born with them')." All this is described by the author as the start of the development of her neurotic personality, but I still deny that anyone capable of writing with so much humorous charm about situations which are almost as horrific as they are bizarre can possibly be described as neurotic, in the true sense of the word. (It is needless, of course, to add that Cynthia's parents were soon divorced, and that she gave Cynthia, as a stepfather, an incurable alcoholic who lived permanently in a flannel night-gown, and would appear suddenly and dramatically—usually when one of Cynthia's boy-friends ventured into the house. On another occasion, a boy-friend found Mother standing on the mantelpiece, and was invited to lift her down. Let me hasten to add that in the end Cynthia married, and has a family.)

"The Call of High Canvas," by A. A. Hurst (Cassell; 30s.), contains bursts of some rather self-consciously fine writing, but the author's sincere emotion enables him, I think, to get away with it. Here, for instance, is a passage from his peroration:

There were so many of them and yet, to my elders, even they were so few! Now they are all gone from the seaways they sailed so gallantly. The grey sails of the school-ships fading into the Channel mist were but the ghosts of the sail-bearing ships of my boyhood. . . . When does a big barque come lying like a frightened fawn before the boom and crash of the Westerlies, spilling like the storming seas of the Southern Ocean all over her reeling decks, as she exults in the wild weather that savours of the very dawn of creation? Where is the glory of a great four-master running down the Trade, lifting her royal leeches and only her helmsman to sense the silent insistence of her tropic passage?

Mr. Hurst is far from being a sentimentalist. He relates, quite calmly, some shocking stories of murder, fire or mutiny on the high seas in the days of sail—none more sickening than that of the *Bald Eagle*, whose hold was full of Chinese coolies. When these tried to rush the ship, they were battened under again, and carefully nurtured a fire, thinking that this would help them to escape. But the crew abandoned ship, and left them to burn. However, most of his stories are personal reminiscences, and are of quite a different order. The illustrations are very good indeed.

Another book of this type is "Epics of the Square Rigged Ships" (Seeley, Service; 25s.), edited by C. W. Domville-Fife. Some of the contributors to this collection have alarming stories to tell. In the mid-nineteenth century, the officers of the Black Ball packets were a particularly tough lot. "The ships had to be driven, and that meant driving the seamen who manned them. The knuckleduster and the 'Billy' (which was not unlike a policeman's truncheon) were the principal instruments used to enforce discipline." Again, the beauty and the glamour of square-rigged ships is fully brought out: "the charm and romance of the era of sail, memories of the angry Horn, starlight nights in the tropics, and the shanty song of the sailor as his beautiful craft bowled along in the fresh monsoon." I suppose every sailor is a poet at heart.

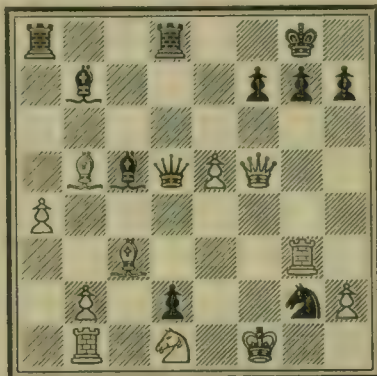
Enologists—work it out for yourself!—with 3 gns. to spare could not lay them out to better advantage than on "A Book of Burgundy" (Lund Humphries; 3 gns.). The text is by Pierre Poupon and Pierre Forgeot, with an introduction by André Simon and more than thirty original lithographs by Denis Mathews. This book tells you all about the Burgundy wines, from the growth of the vine itself to the bottle on the table.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HERE are two beautiful bits of play from among the riches of the recently concluded International Team Tournament at Munich. For a change, I shall not ask you to wrack your brains finding the play yourself:

BENI (Austria) Black



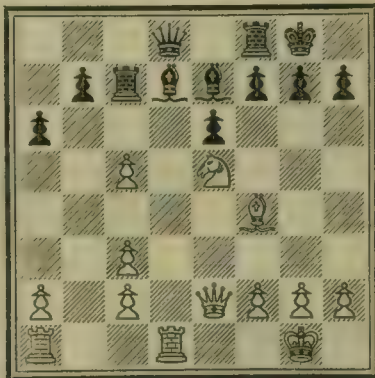
TAL (U.S.S.R.) White

1. . . . Kt-B5

A beautiful move. If now 2. R-Kt1 to anticipate 2. . . . Q-R8ch, then 2. . . . Q-B6 mates. There is indeed no defence.

2. R×Pch K×R
3. Q×Kt Q-R8ch
4. K-K2 Q-K8 mate

SZUKSZTA (Poland) Black



PENROSE (England) White

Penrose, easily the best of the England players, brings off a masterly finish:

1. P-B6! P×P
2. Q-Q3! B-B1

Clearly, any other move would lose a piece at once.

3. Q-Kt3 B-Q3

3. . . . Q-K1 would lose the exchange through 4. Kt-Kt6—but 4. B-R6, B-B3; 5. Kt-Kt4 would be even stronger.

4. R×B Q×R
5. Kt-Q3 Q-Q4
6. B×R P-B3
7. Kt-Kt4 Resigns.



Roast Pheasant

There is no better way of cooking pheasant than roasting it; nor one that makes a better picture. But the more complicated dishes are well worth investigating.

A Guinness Guide to Game on the Menu

MENU FRENCH is sometimes laughed at, but properly used it is the only way of describing many excellent dishes, without turning the menu into a small book. A few of the expressions you may encounter when game is on the menu are amplified here.

SOME FAMOUS GAME DISHES

PHEASANT NORMANDE is browned in butter in a cocotte, set on a bed of finely chopped apples, with more round it, and cooked in the oven with cream.

PARTRIDGE A L'ESTOUFADE is cooked in a covered iron pan with pieces of fat bacon,

carrots, onions and white wine. **EPIGRAMMES** of partridge are the breast meat and legs, minced fine, shaped into cutlets and fried in butter with egg and breadcrumbs. In culinary French, **PERDREAU** is used of birds up to six months old, **PERDRIX** of older birds.

WILD DUCK BIGARADE is roasted in butter, which is then used to make a sauce with port. The duck is briefly cooked in this; then the sauce is brought to the boil with melted sugar and curaçao, and orange peel sliced very thin.

CIVET DE LIÈVRES. The hare is marinaded in wine, oil and vinegar, then cut up and stewed slowly with bacon fat, onion stock and red wine.

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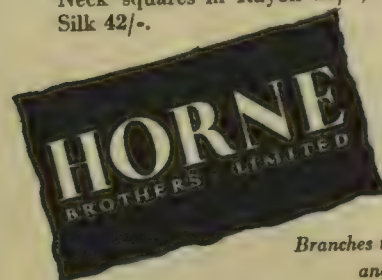
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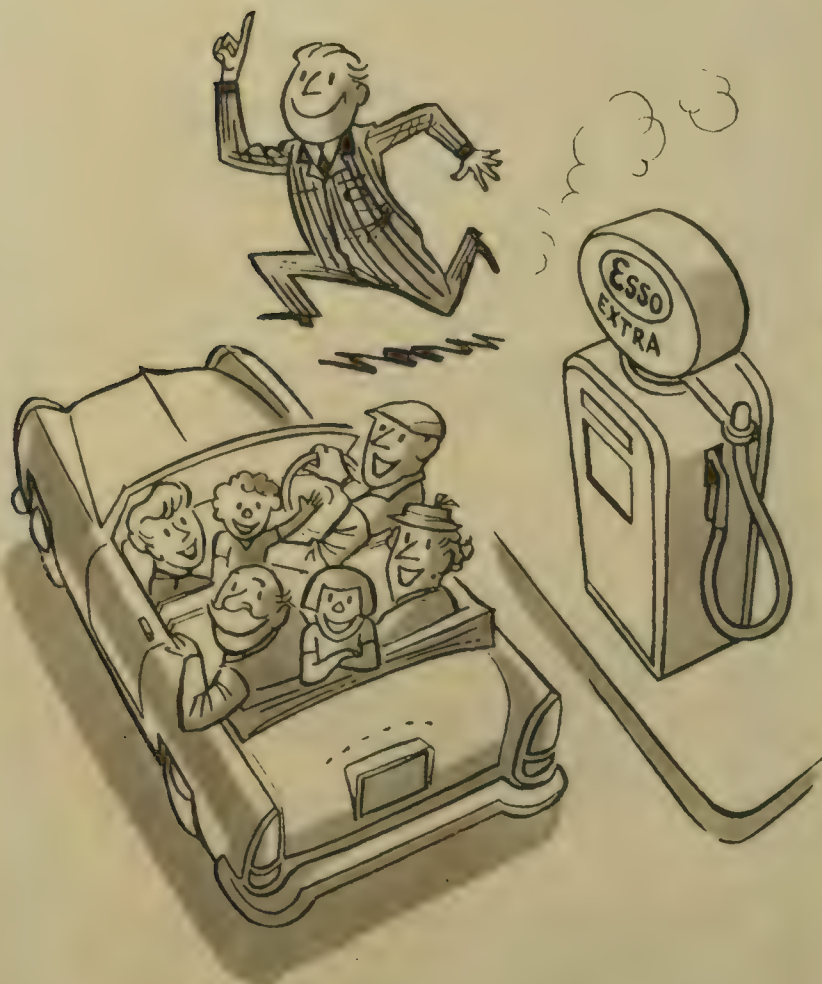


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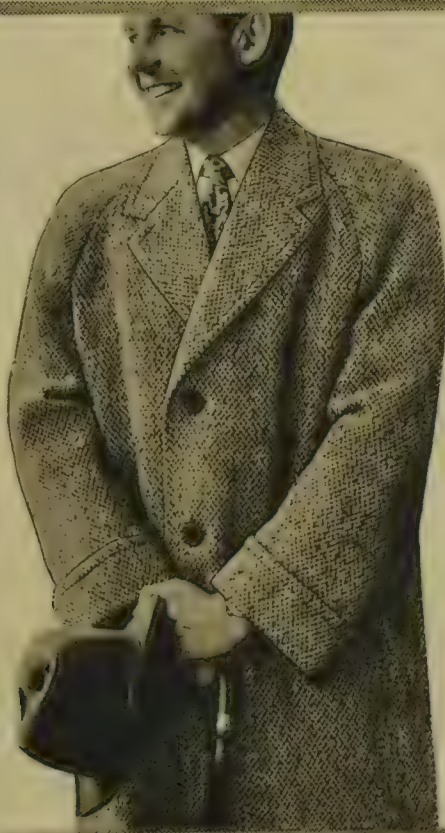
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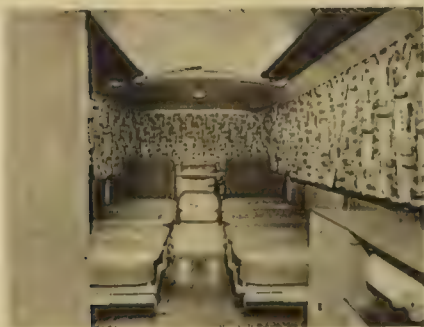
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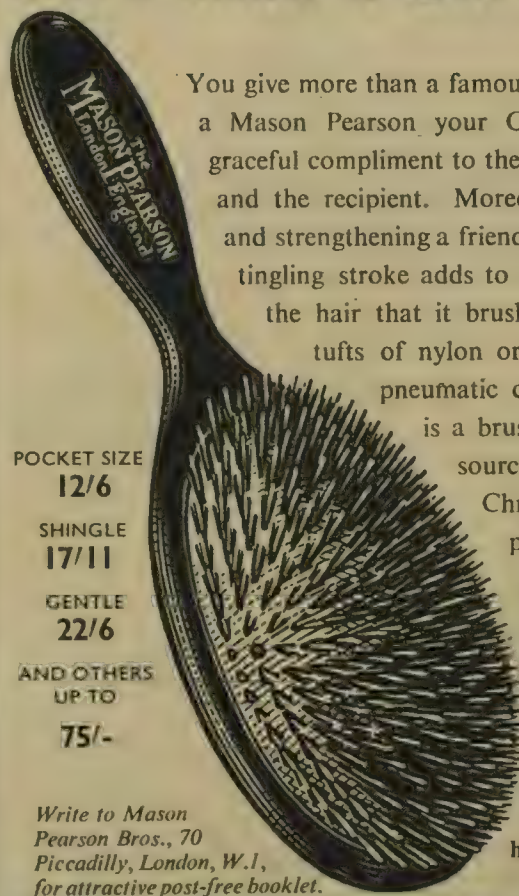
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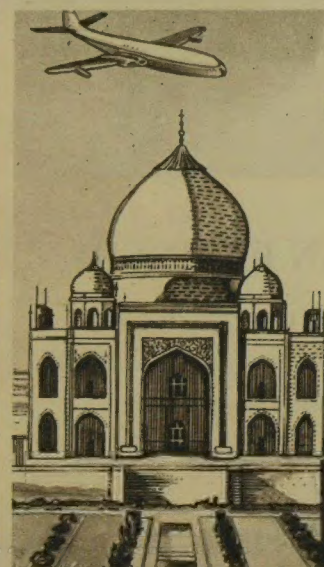
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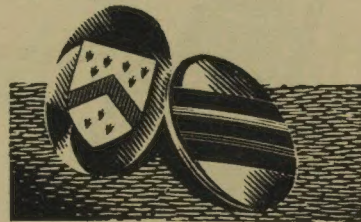
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